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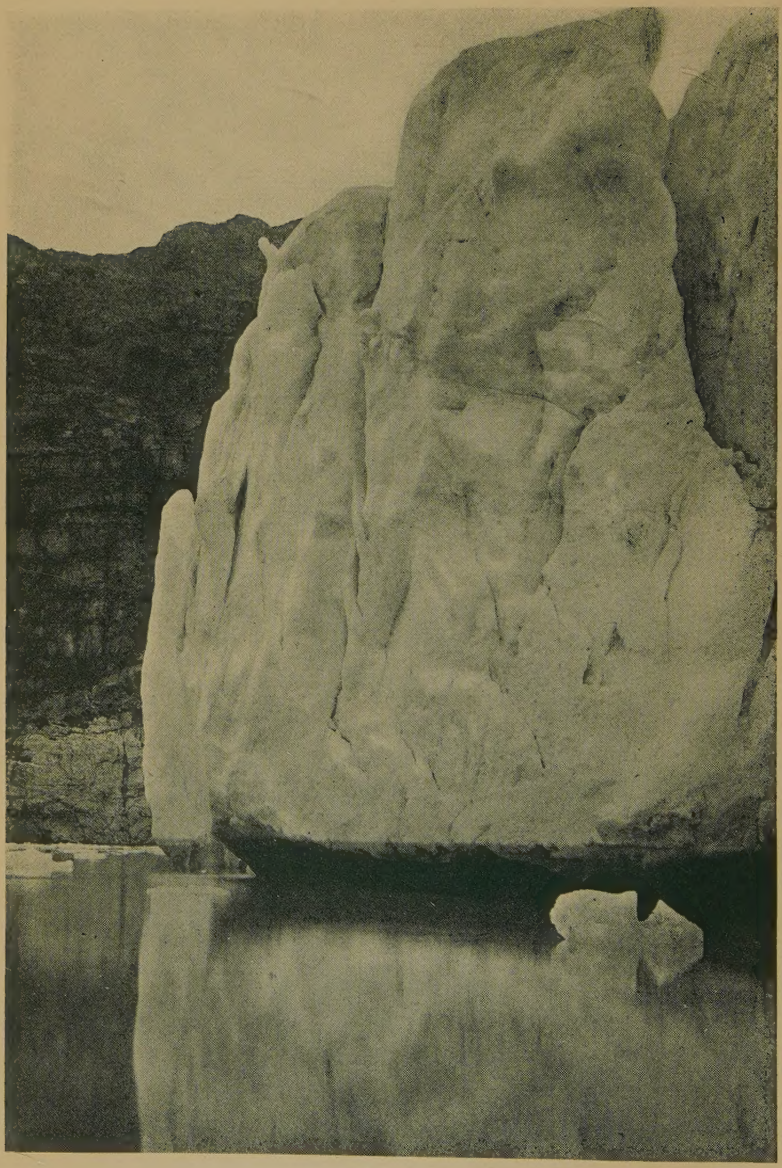

WHERE THE BERGS BEGIN

THE SAGA OF A SUPERCARGO

By

FULLERTON WALDO

Author of "Down the Mackenzie," "Grenfell: Knight-Errant of the North," etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS
BY THE AUTHOR

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Waldo

WITHDRAWN

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TO
MOTHER and FATHER

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I

DROPPING THE PILOT

The Saga of a Supercargo

I

DROPPING THE PILOT

A SMALL black cat, bow-legged, cross-eyed and stump-tailed, rubbed against the night watchman's ankles, then against mine, as the three of us gazed across the Delaware from the stringpiece of the pierhead. The watchman and I were wondering whether the Norwegian tramp steamship *Bauta,* bringing kryolith from Greenland, would reach her Philadelphia haven before midnight. The cat was trying to tell from the aroma of the watchman's pocket how soon it would be supper-time.

Pier 92 of the Pennsylvania Salt Company seemed the world's far end to me, the supercargo, but to the night watchman, William Johnson, it was home. He had been in Philadelphia forty years from Sweden, and himself, he said, was the only Swede he knew "outside de family." For many of those years he had lived across the way from the ivied brick of the Old Swedes' Church, but he had never been inside to see if there were any other Swedes in the

pulpit or the pews. His family (except himself, he was careful to explain) was staying at Atlantic City for two weeks: they would be home in five days more, and in the meantime it was grand rest and peace for a man to sit smoking a clay pipe and watching the ships go past the pierhead, where he had a sentry-box of a hut with a stove where he could dry his socks and cook his supper and the cat's. In his pocket, wrapped in oiled paper, was the cat's meat, and the cat knew it. From between our feet, therefore, came outcries like a swamp of frogs or a field of crickets filling any gap in the conversation. Until the cat had supped, what William Johnson said of rest and peace was falsified, for whichever way you stepped you tripped on a black cat, and whatever you talked about was to a mewing obligato, and now and then the claws ran out like little boat-hooks for William Johnson's shins. That stumpy tail, explained the watchman, looking down affectionately, was due to the time the cat didn't quite miss the switching engine on Delaware Avenue, when it came to haul the sulphur from the golden piles in the open sheds, where a big sign said "Be Careful," to the brown and frowning medieval fortress over the way with its flaunted yellow pennon of sulphuric acid fumes that wrought havoc with mosquitoes whichever

way it veered. But you can't expect a cat to read a safety sign.

Our talk ambled from place to place through the quiet August eventide, going nowhere in particular. Suddenly William Johnson's eyes dilated and his jaw dropped, at sight of a ship of white, smirched with tropic rust at the water-line, that halted mid-stream, swung slowly round on the outgoing tide, and anchored with a somewhat louder noise than any that the cat could make. The soiled and battered ghost was a light-laden steamer of about 2,500 tons—the build of our impatiently awaited *Bauta*. William Johnson said he knew the stranger was Norwegian by the lines of her, the funnel-markings, and the flag, though he could not read the name. From the awnings fore and aft she ought to be a fruit boat. But no fruit boat ever stopped and anchored here.

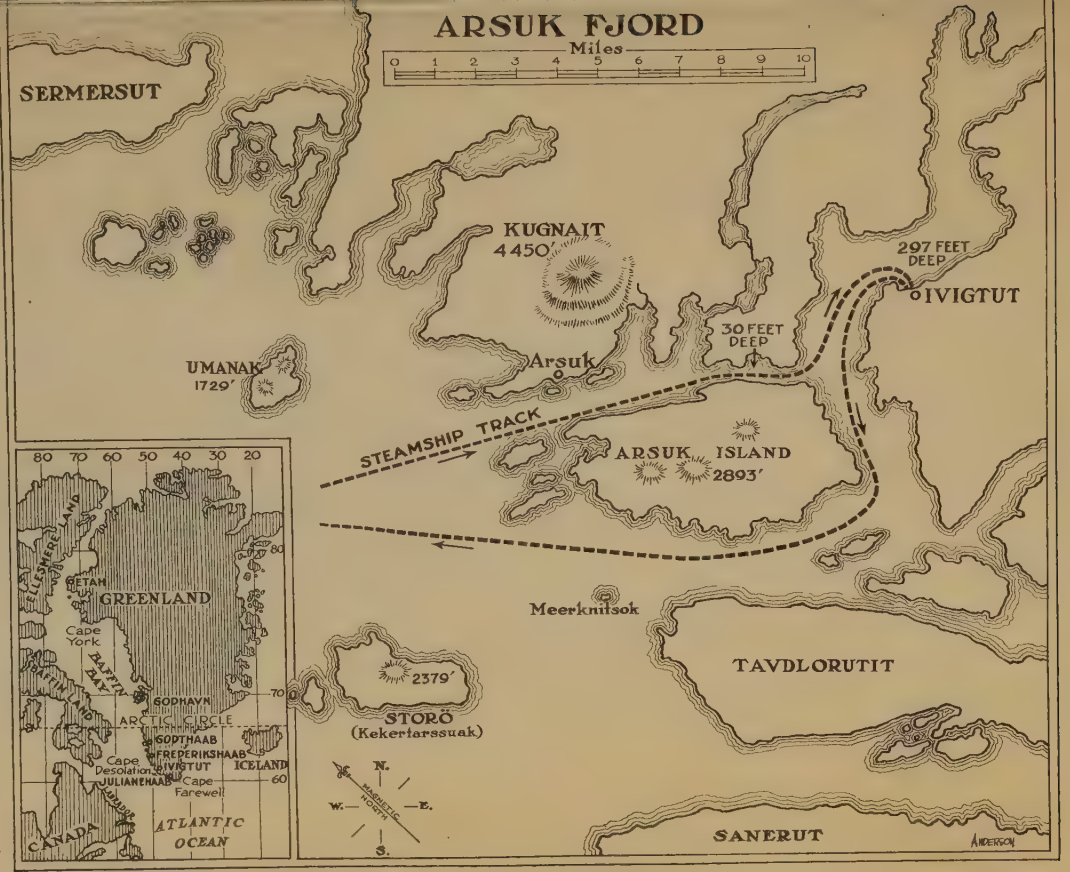
"Can you make out de name of her?" he asked. I knit my brows and spelt it *Oritani*. A British vessel, then, from Port Antonio, bringing a cargo for the Banana Sales Company. Yes, to be sure. Kryolith never came from Greenland in a boat like that, with awnings on the decks. Our ship would come in no doubt to-night —or maybe in the morning—and then three men on the pier, over there, this side of the *Florence*

Luckenbach, would be waiting—and how they could wait when they were paid overtime for it! —to grab the lines and make her fast to the pier.

She came in, proud as the drum major of a village brass band, at 10 in the morning of the 13th; and later that afternoon, when I returned to the wharf, William Johnson was there, with his clay pipe. The cat was asleep under the hut, and the cat's supper in a brown paper bag was dangling by a shoe-string from a nail, so that no kind of "boogs" could get at it.

William Johnson pointed to the little ship that cuddled to the wharf and said: "I radder be in her than in one o' dem big tings." He nodded south across the ragweed, the cinders and the barges toward the looming hulk of the Leyland liner *Devonian,* from Liverpool, disgorging what shipping reports call "Mdse." "De big ships dey yoost sit down in de middle of de waves—dis little t'ing she yoomp from de top of one wave to de next an' keep on yoompin'. Nice, if you like it."

Dr. Samuel Johnson, when he auctioned the Thrale brewery, said it was more than a parcel of vats and kettles—it was the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice. And so this ship, the *Bauta,* coming out of the sea and up the river to Philadelphia, was more than a black


ARSUK FJORD
Miles
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
SERMERSUT
KUGNAIT
4450'
297 FEET DEEP
IVIGTUT
30 FEET DEEP
Arsuk
UMANAK
1729'
STEAMSHIP TRACK
ARSUK ISLAND
2893'
Meerknitsok
TAVDLORUTIT
2379'
STORÖ
(Kekertarssuak)
SANERUT
ANDERSON
80 70 60 50 40 30 20
ELLESMERE LAND
GETAH
GREENLAND
Cape York
BAFFIN BAY
DAVIS STRAIT
BAFFIN LAND
80
70
60
GODHAVN
ARCTIC CIRCLE
GODTHAAB
FREDERIKSHAAB
IVIGTUT
ICELAND
Cape Desolation
JULIANEHAAB
Cape Farewell
LABRADOR
CANADA
ATLANTIC OCEAN
N.
W.
E.
S.
MAGNETIC NORTH

270-foot hull of steel plates seven-eighths of an inch thick, with a buff, red-starred funnel simmering above 2,500 white and gleaming tons of kryolith, in a hold divided against itself by machinery and deck-house. It meant the one fixed sailing that there is from any harbor of the Western World to Greenland: and its apparition brought Greenland from the gray horizon of a dim and distant unreality that wraps about the very name of the continental island that is so near a neighbor to the Pole. With the *Bauta's* coming there swam into one's ken an undiscovered country—almost a separate firmament.

This little Norwegian wanderer, the *Bauta,* the name meaning a statue or a monument, took on the dignity of a glacier, shredding icebergs to the North Atlantic sea-lanes, where the whales play and the sea-fowl are crying: it conveyed a background of sheer-sided fjords and stark, gaunt, treeless mountain forelands and upthrusting peaks, streaming with ice and snow, a black and swirling current round the feet of them, the blinding fogs and mists a veil about their shoulders: and behind them all a white, far waste rising to unsullied and immeasurable places where no man has been and the great winds, like the sea-birds, are forever crying. Put Greenland into and behind the presence of a little ship,

though she be called a "tramp," and she must acquire majesty. For she brings with her all the names of all the ships that ever went into the North, and all the heroes who sailed in them, to dream, endure and die. You think, as when you look at a gallant soldier, of the places where she ventured and all that she beheld. Great ships of the Atlantic, having thrice her speed and twenty times her bulk, might well make their obeisance to this small, brave pilgrim, whom—descried at sea—they would note as slightly as they heed that other scarce-commemorated heroine of the deep, the Gloucester fishing-schooner, and her dory satellites.

The soul of a ship is for herself alone to find and keep; to tell a little of the physical frame is but to pay the tribute due to those who reared her, plate by plate, rivet by rivet, on the ways. The *Bauta,* then, was built by the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company at New Glasgow, and her docking plan, whose blue-print hung in the captain's bathroom over against the medicine-chest, was checked October 30, 1919. Her cargo capacity was 2,750 tons, her registered tonnage gross, 1,656 tons, net 994 tons—the layman understanding that the net is derived from the gross by subtracting the cubic contents of engine-room, bunkers and living-quarters for officers and crew.

Her coal-burning triple-expansion engines, developing 800 horse-power, were made by the Robb Engineering Works at Amherst, Nova Scotia, in 1919. They could propel her at a rate of eight knots (nine miles) an hour. If the pace was forced and the sea was glassy and the wind was friendly she could be urged to a little more. But she was not meant to hustle: a chief engineer must keep his coal consumption down, and his steam up, in full awareness of the fact that every extra fraction of a knot means an alarming additional cost not merely in coal but in tension and torsion for men and machinery.

The personnel, aside from Captain Christian Wilhelmsen of Arendal in southern Norway, comprised seventeen Norwegians, two Danes, a German, and this scribbling appanage, the supercargo, whose official duty was to note in a general way the fulfilment of the purpose for which the boat was chartered by the Pennsylvania Salt Company from the Norwegian owners at Bergen and sent on its mission—namely, to procure a load of kryolith at Ivigtut, in southwest Greenland.

Kryolith is known to come from but two places in the world outside of Greenland and neither of these localities produces it in paying quantities. One of these unprofitable sources is a topaz mine

near Miask, in the Ilmen mountains of Siberia; the other is at points north and west of St. Peter's Dome, which is at the base of Pike's Peak, Colorado. In each case the kryolith is associated with pegmatite. Naturally, the coastal region of Greenland has been scoured at many points in the hope of detecting other kryolith deposits. The Greenlanders have sharp eyes for any unusual geologic outcrop or strange formation, and their contact with Europeans has taught them to bring the news of any mineral resources that might be made valuable through the many inventions of the miracle-working white man. So that it is not likely that the natives have a dark secret of treasure which they have not shared. We shall have more to say of the mineral when we come to the mine. Let it suffice for the moment to observe that the " ice-stone," as the Eskimos call it, is used in molten form with bauxite as a solvent in the production of aluminum, and makes a valuable enamel for bathtubs and kitchen-ware. As it lay heaped in the hold of the *Bauta* when the tarpaulins were taken off and the hatches were removed, it looked like snow beginning to melt and ready to be dumped at sea; here and there it was stained yellow with iron, and now and again in a white lump of it a facet of lead caught the sun and sparkled like a jewel. Some

of it was as mushy as sugar, and some of it was in hard, gleaming crystalline blocks like quartz.

Into the hold clambered stevedores, white and black, each from their own branch of the Longshoremen's Union. The white men belonged to the I. W. W., the Negroes to the I. L. A., and all alike got eighty cents an hour for nine hours, with $1.20 for overtime. Jim Durkin, foreman, stood with his foot on the frame of the hatch and his eyes on the men below. At a signal mostly of a waving hand or a wiggled finger, a donkey-engine lowered a one-ton bucket, known as a "tub," and swung it out again to steel dump-cars run alongside to bear away the spoil. But there were two nice processes intervening that required a pretty sleight-of-hand and the exercise of judgment. The first was that of the black man who threw out the grappling-hook to catch the chain of the bucket and haul it swaying over the rim of the hatch: the second was that of another black man who released the catch, like pulling the trigger of a gun, when the tub swung over the car, to discharge its small avalanche of kryolith.

When a steam winch broke on Saturday afternoon the men whose hatches it served had a rest of two hours, but of course received their pay

just the same: and on Monday the same winch again refused to function for half an hour. Jim Durkin had "time on his hands" in the most expensive sense of that expression, and his winsome Irish smile did not come back till, by dint of much mechanical engineering, the teeth of the cogs took hold again.

Thus from Thursday morning, August 13th, at ten, when the *Bauta* arrived, to Monday evening, August 17th, at six minutes past seven, when she departed, the process continued till five in the afternoon on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, with no work on Sunday, and overtime after five o'clock on Monday. While the kryolith was taken off, coal and a little cargo were put on, the coal by means of "clamshell" buckets swung from the cars by a crane, forty-one tons of the 401 piled on the after deck. This would take the *Bauta* to Greenland and back: the coal at Ivigtut is needed for the kryolith mine. Outside the coal-bunkers, the hold was virtually empty. Superintendent Niels Jagd of the mine in Greenland had ordered several pages of the Sears, Roebuck catalogue in the way of miscellaneous supplies, and part was carried on this trip, the rest reserved for a later voyage, when it would serve as useful ballast. We took aboard a few crates of mining-machinery, a snow-plow, arm-chairs

for Mr. Jagd's new house, cast-iron pipes, two pairs of skiis, a pair of snow-shoes, two fire-ladders broad at the base and narrow at the top, zinc wash-tubs, a wheelbarrow, an oil stove, two sacks of egg-shell grit for the poultry, a bass-drum, a snare-drum and a pair of cymbals which in the hands of young Danish engineers were to make oblation to the great god Jazz. A portable poultry-house was left for the next trip. At the last moment crates of fruit—melons, grapes, peaches, bananas, apples—were given deck-passage on a gambler's chance of getting them to Ivigtut without an ice-chest. There, every bit of fruit would be more welcome than a nugget of gold.

It is not desirable to carry all of the slender annual importation from America to Greenland in one cargo. The ship's propeller when traveling " in ballast " has to be kept under water, and when the sea is rough and the ship is light the propeller " races," threshing the air to the apprehension of the engine-room with its demented pistons. In 1920, when 750 tons of coal were taken, the shipment was divided in three parts, to supply each of three voyages with a load that would hold down a bouncing boat sufficiently.

When the *Bauta* was at Leningrad with a cargo of grain, before coming to Greenland in

1925, the stevedores were Bolshevists working on a diet of black bread from seven in the morning until seven at night. They filled sacks under their vests with grain, and put herrings inside their leggings—literally boot-leggers. They would have thought the wages of our American stevedores fabulous wealth. It is too bad that in the case of the Negroes following this seasonal occupation on the Delaware much of the money is immediately shot away on the sidewalk or in unsavory back-rooms in the pastime known as " Craps."

Though there was none to see us off, our own whistle hoarsely blew as we backed away with the tug *Baltic* nosing us from Pier 92 to Pier 98, the Philadelphia Tidewater Terminal. The last man aboard was the chief engineer, who did a mighty straddle from the wharf after the lines were cast off, with three clammy bottles of sarsaparilla under his arm. Our final view of the pierhead included William Johnson with his pipe and evening newspaper at his cabin door, the wide darkling river before him, and beside him the little cross-eyed cat, filled with supper, sitting on her stumpy tail, gazing where she never meant to go.

Our pilot was John H. Church, Jr., of West

Washington Lane, Germantown. I mistook him for a schoolboy going down the river for a holiday, and looked about for his father.

He was but twenty-one—yet he had already been a pilot for three years, the youngest member of the Pilots' Association. He held a State license, a Federal license, and a Master's license. To secure these papers he had served an apprenticeship of four years on the two boats run for that purpose by the Pilots' Association. In the first two years, he was allowed one siesta of four months at home. In the other two years, by rule, he made ninety-eight single trips on the river between the Delaware Breakwater and Philadelphia (the alternative for a pilot's novitiate is forty-eight round trips).

When I asked him why he became a pilot he explained that his father (still in his forties) was of this profession, and he had a grandfather who was murdered at Fall River.

This boy would be on his rubber-shod feet all night, in and out of the wheel-house, giving directions to our helmsman till six in the morning, when a pilot boat would take him off and he would get his uneasy sleep in the little cabin of that vessel. On one occasion he had been without sleep for sixty hours. He loved the life. But he did not want the open sea. He wished to stay

here in the river. It might be a narrow life, he conceded, but a great deal came to you: you met fine men.

What he didn't know about the stream-banks seemed hardly worth knowing. A mud-flat by the river's brim was to him an autograph album of the tides. A flare in the sky was not the vague impress of a little town upon the clouds but the sign-manual of a particular steel-plant, powder-works, or foundry. He read the legend of the darkling landscape in a resonant low voice, as we slipped by the funnels and the cranes of League Island, the mouth of the Schuylkill, the low redoubts and casements of Fort Mifflin. Hog Island—was this the place that launched a thousand ships, more or less? A hundred funnels in the gloom seemed those of vessels longing to break loose and go to sea with us: but no light twinkled, no cheery voice of hail came from the decks, nor any footfall echoed there. No graveyard is so lonely as that of old, dismantled ships. Each of them seemed to repeat to us that dismal couplet so favored in New England churchyards:

> "As I am now, so you must be,
> Prepare for death, and follow me."

We were going out to sea—and they were left behind to decadence and impotence. We had our

life to live, our work to do. There was nothing for them now, save to await the scrapping hand of Henry Ford. Yet in the war—they were the toast of the Clyde of America. Let none deride them in their fallen grandeur now.

Tinicum Island—the middle third of its sedge-grass under tide-water; the lights of yachts and yawls at Essington like meadow fireflies; the fretted lines of fire at Chester and Wilmington where constellations spilled from out the quiet sky on boulevard and water-front—the wise young pilot knew them all, and called each angle, trend or sounding of the Channel by its proper name, knowing where at a bend its 600 feet of width was stretched a little, or where instead of 35 feet it shallowed to 31.4, and where the government "mud-suckers," queenly in the night like palatial pleasure-yachts, belied their sedimentary appellation. Festooned with light as they were, it was hard to tell them afar from the glittering good cheer of the Wilson Line steamers homeward bound to Philadelphia with their merry-makers and their minstrelsy.

With such a knowing pilot, we were in safe hands, and before I fell asleep I heard his rubber soles upon the deck above my head in ceaseless pilgrimage what time he bade the helmsman ease the wheel or hold her steady or alter the course

to starboard or to port. Meaning to rise betimes and see him leave the ship at the Breakwater, I was too late, and at six o'clock beheld him through the porthole tossing in a rowboat on his way to the pilot boat, his duty done. The next night, probably, he would be bringing another ship down-stream, and reading to another steersman at the wheel the legend of the river as a child might read a book to one older than himself.

II

VIKINGS OF TO-DAY

II

VIKINGS OF TO-DAY

"As idle as a painted ship," sings Coleridge of the ghostly bark of the "Ancient Mariner." A painted ship may be idle: an unpainted one is not, and on a "tramp" at sea there is always painting and scraping to do. When we were two days out, the incessant music of chinking chisels and detonating hammers began on our rusted deck-plates. Taking off kryolith and putting on coal is ruinous to a ship's complexion. Scraping and chipping the rust was for days the big business between the deck-house and the fo'c'sle, round about the forward hatches. As fast as the rust was removed, a thick black coating of crude oil was laid on, and the aspect of trimness and order at once created was amazing wherever the oil was spread.

The first mate, or first officer as you will, Knut Olsen of Bergen, was in the meantime bestowing an æsthetic tint of chocolate brown on the frames and cleats of the forward hatches. I could not see that anyone was idle. The mess-boy in the poop with his coffee-pots and soup-plates was so busy that he had no time for his mouth-organ

which he had bought for eighty cents in Philadelphia and which displeased him because the thirds in its upper register were out of tune. The steward, Kornelius Andersen of Aalesund, was among the busiest, for Scandinavians, afloat or ashore, are valiant trenchermen, and he kept the captain's table cluttered with four meals a day—meals whose menu will presently be itemized. He looked over the side and saw porpoises, and exclaimed: "If we had a harp-yune now, we could harp-yune dem and den we have beef and Hamburg steak all de time." Other things were going on alongside. A shark and a sword-fish disturbed the placid blue in a mortal combat over their shore rights off Nova Scotia. I happened to be stoking at the time, and missed the battle. But when I came up a whale blew to starboard. Presently two shark fins wickedly jigged past on the other side of the boat, like periscopes. A Portuguese man-of-war came beautifully coasting with its delicate translucent spread of sail—a curious sort of fish that had been to me only a name in an encyclopedia. Presently with a furious black ruffle of smoke from her three funnels stormed up the *Resolute* of the Hamburg-American Line, whose passengers, lining the rails, hailed us and fluttered handkerchiefs. Then stars blossomed, and were mirrored on the placid surface: but the

peace of the night was rudely shattered by a mishap to the steering-gear. A pin-bolt had broken in the gear-casing in the engine-room. A new pin-bolt had to be put in. The old one when it was fractured had spread into the threads and it had to be extracted piecemeal from the hot metal; and the new pin, because it was too short, needed eight washers under the head to bring it to the proper height. Then at the stern of the ship the shift had to be made from the steam gear to the hand wheel in reserve on the poop.

As Johannes Johannsen, chief engineer, who worked all night on the break, remarked: "It's not so easy with a hand, a hammer and a file." Even to make the shift aft from the steam to the hand apparatus meant releasing the chains from the arms of the steam-gear, swinging them forward, and securing them in a new place with pin-bolts. Then the tarpaulin was removed from the compass and two men took the wheel. The mate, with the light of a flash-lamp, worked like a Trojan to make the shift, two men climbing up and down the spokes of the wheel to get the horizontal arms in the right spot for the bolts to be hammered home. There was no show of temper; there was language of fluency without fury, all directed to the business in hand, and Captain Wilhelmsen, as was his way when a pinch

came, was quietest and coolest of all, in the tone of a mother calming a fretful child. The stars which were over the face of the heavens like spray seemed crowding to help. Seen from this vantage-point at the stern, the funnel against the forepeak loomed up monumentally, as though to justify the name of the *Bauta*—the "monument." When the fracas with the wheel began, we were pointed toward Andromeda, and by the time it was over we had swung round, about 180 degrees, to Scorpio. But as the prow and the stern were so much alike it really made very little difference in the look of things. And now with a tremendous thrashing of the calm sea the propeller churned us back. Suppose it had happened in a narrow channel off the coast of Greenland in a storm?

In the morning a fog was on the face of the waters, and the ship lifted up a mighty voice. The whistle is not a fog-horn: it is the throat of the ship, and it utters a sound of reassurance, not of doom.

I went down into the engine-room to find how hot it was at the steering-gear where men had worked all night on the repairs. The ship's thermometer over the gear read 120°. My own, hung back to back with it for half an hour, read 118°. Nor was this the warmest part of

THE "BAUTA" MOORED AT THE MINE IN GREENLAND

the engine-room. Then, with thick gloves for the rungs hot under my hand, I went down into the stoke-hold for my daily dozen. Under the ventilators my thermometer read 96° to 100°. Two feet from the closed furnace doors in a few minutes it registered 122°, and would have indicated much more, but 124° was the upper limit of the scale and I took it away before the mercury could go higher and spoil the instrument.

The rest of the ship was cool enough. Having no refrigerator, we put the fruit on the top of the wheel-house, hung the fresh meat wherever the most wind blew, and sat on the opposite side of the boat.

My own room was almost luxury. It was the "Sykelugar," which is, being interpreted, the hospital. Had there been serious illness, I was ready of course to surrender it at once. At the start of the voyage everyone from cabin-boy to captain—except my lucky self, for I had drunk the water very sparingly—was the victim of digestive trouble apparently due to bad water put aboard from the river after we had paid $35 to have a good supply brought us from afar to last all the way to Greenland and back. What punishment fits the crime of those who would supply a ship for so long a cruise with water that

makes any member of a small crew unfit for work on such a journey, when every man's labor counts? When we reached Greenland we filled our tanks with the pure, clear water of the mountains for the round trip to Philadelphia and return.

My cabin had a berth, a divan upholstered in leather, a closet, drawers under the berth and divan, a desk over one end of the latter, and a washstand in the corner. What more could a seafaring mortal reasonably ask in the way of furniture? The captain's tub with running salt water was across the passageway, and I could use it when I chose.

Captain Wilhelmsen was fifty-four years of age, and had been at sea since he was fourteen and one-half years old, twenty-four years in the service of the company. "It would take a good man to beat me yet," he said, in his quaint, whimsical way, "running and yoomping and such tricks. But in a few years I shall not be able to stand on my head." He was a man in whom one would repose entire confidence if the sea rose and the wind blew and the ship were storm-tossed off an angry coast. The land could give him little and the sea could take nothing away. He had what William McFee calls "that bland superiority with which a shipmaster regards the

universe," and he did not like America because he thought men paid too much heed in our land to the dollar, and had lost the art of having a good time at home with family, friends and neighbors, in simple, cheerful hospitalities and those finer offices of friendship in which money has no part. He had seen two years of service on the Great Lakes, and had been in our big cities, and everywhere he went he heard too much of money, and found people tumbling over one another in their haste, and perhaps upsetting the ten commandments into the bargain, to make some more. He did not believe there was any place in America where a man could go to a friend's house, and stay as long as he liked, and go away again with no debit and credit save that of friendship, as a man could in Norway. I tried to tell him he had been unfortunate, but in a deep, grave voice, and with eyes a little sad, he held his own, sure of himself, as a man at sea is bound to be.

We did not agree about America, nor did we see eye to eye in the important matter of dogs. He would not have an animal of any sort on shipboard, and he gave it as his opinion that dogs were nothing but a nuisance, and were always in the way—afraid when it stormed and making unseasonable noises when a man would

sleep. He saw little or no good in any of the species, and my warm defence was vain.

But if it came to the matter of putting one's life in another man's hands—there is none among sea-captains I have met whom I would more completely trust. His way of looking at you, the deep-throated, long-drawn "Ya-a-a (ja)" of assent or the "Na-ay (nej)" of dissent, with a rising inflection, were indices of a mind firmly stabilized even amid the fluctuations of the sea, a poised philosophy of life such as comes from being thrown upon one's resources, compelled to do the one right thing and do it instantly. He abhorred muddling incompetence, even in such a thing as coiling a rope. There was nothing to which he did not turn his hand in the day's work. He pretended to no music, yet he might troll a stave as he scraped away the varnish in a spotless cabin and applied the brush, or pawed over a mess of rotting pears and melons which he hoped to bring to Greenland and sell for no more than what they cost him to a group of Danish engineers and miners clamorous for something green besides the grass.

I asked him once what would be his idea of a day's fun, if he were ashore. He thought a long minute gazing through a porthole at the porpoises and answered "Boating." It was a fine

spirit—that of the motor-man who spends a day off riding on a friend's trolley-car. It was the first and the last article of his creed that " fresh air is de best t'ing in de world," and it was a pleasure to find a boat whose portholes were places to let in air and light, and not mere peep-holes and translucent barriers to salt water. All possible doors and windows stood ajar for the wind's unfettered sweep all day and all night: we were long on ozone, and, steeped in fog or flooded with sunlight, and briskly aerated all the time, one was led to point an unfavorable contrast with the hermetically sealed saloons of ocean liners where " lady passengers " shiver and cavil at a draft. At home in Norway, the captain explained, they liked best to camp out in a tent. They had a house, of course, but the tent was better, where the wind blew all the way through.

He was a philosopher of the cynic school, with his own tart brand of dry, sardonic humor. Nothing surprised him very much, and he would have been as sententious in a wreck as at a festival. The world, the flesh and the devil united could not shake his equipoise. It did not upset his even temper, I am sure, when his boat on a previous voyage was held for twenty-eight days by field-ice offshore at Ivigtut, and with the same

calm mien he must have rescued those four unhappy British fishermen in the North Sea, from their sinking smack. When he tried to land the impoverished quartet at Manchester, the local officials did not want to take them, because, those stolid Britons argued, they came off a Norwegian steamer, ergo, they must be Norwegians.

If the captain's vein of sentiment, which was real and true, ran deep, much closer to the surface was the warm emotion of the chief engineer, Johannes Johannsen. He was a family man whose thought was often on his mother, his wife and his four bairns, two boys, two girls. He read me a letter from the older little girl, aged twelve. It began " Dear old friend " and it ended:

" Thousand
Greetings
Thy
Wildcat."

" We call her wildcat," he explained. " She go lively. She always run an' yoomp and be up in a tree so quick, like light. Come home with all de shoes is gone, all de time. I take her by, an' I say: ' You must not run and yoomp like dat—dat is for boy, not for girl.' But she so quick—she laugh and run an' sing like water an' de wind all de day." He showed her picture —hair shocked like pulled molasses candy, or flax

more white than yellow, with large bows of ribbon, and big, shy round eyes, half wistful and half dancing merriment, ready to leap out and surprise you as a wild coy creature of the woodland hiding and watching in the leaves. Her cheeks were round as apples and must have been the pink of the wild roses. Then a picture of the old grandmother, his mother, who looked—amazingly—just as young as the little girl, though she was nearly eighty-eight. You thought of Whistler's mother, or Barrie's Margaret Ogilvy. She had a white scarf over her head and streaming round her shoulders to the hands in her lap—strong hands with long straight fingers resting now, for a few minutes only, after almost nine decades of toil for others. If ever pure, essential goodness was legibly written in a countenance, here it was, shining out of a face without a wrinkle, under hair as black as a crow's plumage, smoothly brushed in one broad sweep across the high smooth forehead. The eyes were deep-set and dark and held memories—without a trace of remorse, defiance or bitterness. Many a woman would give much for such a " sundown, splendid and serene "—yet this humble spirit could not know that there was anything of exaltation or of glory in her face.

Johannsen gazed at the picture and exclaimed

that she was the best mother in the world: a sentiment scarcely original with him, but never more firmly entertained. He said he could not put it into English words. "She very glad in flowers. Every Sunday she go north and east and west to see my sisters. She look to see what she can buy or cook or make for dem. She always know de place w'ere she can buy most best. 'No, not here,' she say. 'Look—over dere. We go over dere.' We got flowers at our house, me and my wife, but sometimes dey go and dey not come back: my mudder she make flowers grow in de windows all de time. Lot of people look in her windows see something coming up. She got a very big heart." Then he heaved a sigh as if it were a bucket of ashes. "I lose every summer. I be more dan forty. I like to be ashore and see my family." He looked at the little girl's picture. "I want to see my wife, she's mudder. Listen, what my little girl say in she's letter. She is in de country now, with she's mudder, my wife. She say here (he traced the lines murmurously, with a gnarled forefinger): 'Dear old friend—(she always call me dat)—dere is sixteen little boys and girls in dis house and I am de oldest so I feel nearly thirteen. Kjel he cry night and day, so mudder can nearly not get any rest—not can sleep de whole night.' (I

mus' tell you, Kjel he is my smalles' boy; he is *moody*. The teeth just come and start, dat is why.) So she goes on, she say (m-m-m): 'You cannot believe how brown skipper Yon (John) is.' (Skipper Yon he is my udder leedle boy: de udder boys dey call him skipper, so we call him it too. You see, of de sunshine he is take da color.) 'He is run just down for have a look for the chickens. Yesterday Nelly (dat is she's mother, my wife) was by de primos stove. She was going to put fire in her hair. She was thinking her hair was going up in fire. We have forgot our watches. To-day we was up not before ha' pass eight. Here I clip a piece out, I got a big klatter (blot). I hope next year you be with us. Tausend greetings dy wildcat.' By greetings she mean stand up so, and bow with hand on heart so, like you meet a person."

Every man of the twenty-two had a story-book, with pictures, in him. A far remove is the Scandinavian from a dour, hard race: touch a spring that is very near the questing finger and the pathos or the humor flashes out, like a revolving light from a headland. As soon as I played Grieg's "Solvegslied" on the violin, I had the second mate bringing out his unlettered version, and his fiddle. I gave him an A string and half my box of rosin, and standing on the bridge while

he had the early night watch we played the wistful melody and Ole Bull's "Solitude on the Mountains" on the calm sea under starlight with the smoke from the funnel trailing like a plume.

His name was Kristian Kristiansen, and he came from Kristiansand. He was wireless operator, and over his radio off the coast of Nova Scotia I heard concerts in New York and Boston, the baseball scores, the weather reports, and the important intelligence from Boston that two South Boston boys had started for Alberta and their mothers wanted them back, because of illness in the family. Also in the lost and found department, in the same breath from Beacon Hill, were a bulldog, a bull terrier, a chow and an Angora kitten. But as we were then in a dense fog between Halifax and Sable Island we could offer no assistance even to a sea-puss.

While we stood on the bridge looking out into the same fog, he told me stories during his watch, with his hand on the cord of the whistle that, as a fog-horn, bellowed its warning every few minutes. He punctuated his talk with the roar, as a sailor spinning a yarn might puff at his pipe between sentences. Looking out from the bridge into that gray soup of mist, at eleven in the night, the helmsman mute and all but motionless in the dark deck-house beside us, and the ghostly

eyes of the lanterns at our mastheads helping us to peer, we lost all sense of the difference between our modern ship and those that Eric the Red or Leif the Lucky sailed through icy northern seas nearly a thousand years ago. The mist softened the rigid, rectangular outlines, and gave us a distinctly piratical fo'c'sle. The sailors on duty were like mariners bending their sails toward undiscovered countries fabulous with savages and parrakeets, cocoanuts and frankincense and gold. Or else we were about to find the Northwest Passage to Cathay, or the shorter route to Muscovy, there to pour a wonder-tale in the ears of Peter the Great or Catharine. A ship shakes off all commonplaces of the land the moment she puts to sea: and our ship was itself a wonder now: everything that was literal, prosaic, material had vanished overside when the last red glimmer of the sunlight went. It could not be that I had just been hearing, through the agitated ether, voices of Boston and New York —a concert tenor, Mr. Dooney, singing of roses and raptures, or a lady beseeching the universe to aid in finding the three dogs and the Angora kitten, to say nothing of the lads bound for Alberta. In place of such modern and mundane importunities, we should be hearing the spirits calling us out of the voyages of Hakluyt, the

sagas of the northern void, and of the primeval deep that rings the Pole. We should hear Frobisher, and Gilbert, the Cabots and Sir John Franklin, being dead yet speaking, with the gallant host that sailed and perished since their day. For we were abroad upon waters once furrowed by their keels, now hallowed by their sacrifice and their aspiration "to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

In retelling a story told me by the second mate, my sole care is not to pad his words with any language of my own, and thus to spoil it. I put down the narrative word for word just as he gave it to me, without the slightest admixture or embellishment of any sort. To do otherwise would be worse than to paint the lily or gild refined gold. He spoke with the succinctness of a ship's log, which has no more frills than the entries made by the monks in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. His stories, with no heroics or histrionics, had precisely the direct, homely simplicity of the Sagas, or of Homer: where presently we find him speaking of the ministration of good women to the shipwrecked sailors it is Nausicaa ministering to Ulysses, or Dido to Æneas, all over again, and the centuries disappear between our time and the ancient yesterdays. The same fog that transformed our five-

year-old steamer into a sailing-ship of the year 1003 had suddenly by the power of white magic changed this man speaking in the dark beside me to one of his ancestors, the Vikings. I asked him if this was not so, if he was not a Viking of to-day, and he said "Yes!"—which makes it true.

"It was in 1918," he said. "We bring a bark—three masts—with logwood from de Wes' Indies for Havre. We come to dose Channel Islands. It was bad wedder. It was coffee time (three in the afternoon, when by land or sea all knock off for coffee). De sea was high an' de wind blew. One of dose submarines, U-79, came along. Some was at coffee, some was in deir bunks. It fire de first shot an' she go through de mainsail. Second shot she go under de helm. One old Frenchman was seventy-two and he start to cry an' say it was no use. De t'ird shot she go through de mainmast an' it fall over de side. I was with de port life-boat. De starboard life-boat she start to put off with three men. Dey shoot again an' she pass through de davit. De boat and de men dey drop into de sea.

"Den we start to get away from de ship. De captain was wit' me. We have only fourteen men on de ship in all. We rig up a sail. De submarine she come after. She shoot and it go right over us. De captain he call to our captain: 'What

you got on your ship? It ain't no use to try to sink her!'

"'Logwood,' say our captain. (Most times logwood sink, but dis was dry.)

"'Where you from?' say de German captain.

"'Wes' Indies.'

"'Where you go for?'

"'Havre.'

"'O well, you only about thirty mile. You make it by night easy.'

"'No,' say our captain. 'We farder away dan dat. Suppose you give us a line an' tow us in.'

"'No,' say de German captain. 'I got too much to do to-day. I got a hundred udder ships to look after.' To sink dem, he mean.

"So he shoot our ship again. De last I see of her I see de Norwegian flag go below de waves at de top of de mast. Everyt'ing I had go down in her: all my money, my watch, my knife, my clo'es, only my dungaree what I had on me.

"We was in dat boat t'ree days. It was bad wedder. Sail not much good. We row an' row an' we come to a little island off Alderney. Alderney was 'bout six miles away. We come troo two little stones but the boat she was all smashed into pieces. We come on land. Dere was a little hut made with stones, and on top earth, and the

floor it was nodding but clean earth. We go round and round: no people dere. We had no thing but shells (shellfish) to eat and plenty fresh water. We have three rackets (rockets). After two days we send up a racket. Den a second one. It sprayed (spread) all out. We could see de town on Alderney, not de lights of de town but the light like on heaven. Dey send up too a racket. Den signal with Morse lamp. See, like dis!"

To demonstrate, he sprang to a button behind the wheel, and a white light twittered above the deck-house into the enveloping fog. It would carry twelve miles in fair weather, he explained.

"Dey signal: 'Wedder too rough. We launch a boat soon as we can.'

"We have no way to answer, we can only wait. Dey come with a boat to get us. When we came to Alderney, dey musta been 15,000 people. De girls bring us t'ings to eat, an' coffee to drink, an' clo'es. We stay on de hotel two days. Dey wouldn't let us pay. Some of de bes' people in de world is on dose Channel Islands."

Another one, which followed immediately, was this:

"It was 1918, eight days before Christmas. We was in motor-ship, 600 tons gross, going from de Shetlands to take salt herring for Königs-

berg. Dere was a southeast storm between Denmark and Sweden. We have four-cylinder Grei motor. I had watch from twelve to four. I was in bed.

"One of de four-cylinder pistons, she broke. She jammed. We mus' disconnect.

"Start again on three cylinders, at six o'clock. Didn't know where we was. It was a snowstorm.

"We come by Anhalt, between Denmark an' Sweden. Dere was two lighthouses and couple fishermen dere in season.

"At west part, long reef run out four miles. We think we was clear. We drop anchor on lee side of island. Couldn't go ahead, wedder was too bad. I was at de wheel at de present moment. Second mate and captain on bridge. Morning very dark—not light before eight. Sea was breaking very hard. Could see white stripe fifty yards forward. Told second mate mus' be someding forward. He took de glass an' he look an' he say: 'Hard over de wheel!' De captain he was in de corner of de bridge. 'What's de matter? You are out of de course.'

"De ship was comin' up to de wind, you see. I say 'Don't you see de reef forward?' He say 'It's only de sea was breakin',' it's not de reef.'"

A long, loud pull at the fog-whistle, as if it were a bottle. Then the narrator resumed.

" He say ' Come back on your course.' So I come back. We could see it come closer an' closer to. Yoost coupla seconds or minutes later we bang right into it. We happen to get a rock right underneat', amidships. She take a leedle yoomp, you see.

" De ship breaks off nearly clean over. So we put up rackets and blow de w'istle. We has de wind an' sea right astern. But den de stern part of de ship swing about so we get to de side. De sea was so heavy it go right up on de boat deck. We taked de oars an' mast an' ev't'ing on de boat to keep it fast. So we get out de starboard life-boat on de lee side. We had a long line, and we lower de boat troo de rock to get it troo de breakers. We put oil on de water as much as we could. Den we had to stay dere. Den we swing again, and we get de port side to de lee side. So den we get dat life-boat out too.

" When daylight come on about eight o'clock we could see de land—de snow was not so t'ick. I was on de second mate's watch. We was six men in dat boat, twelve altogedder. We had to pull de boat up to de riggin' an' yoomp in from de riggin'. We come all safe in de boat an' come clear of de ship an' reef an' everyt'ing. Den we

try to start motor but she wouldn't start. We used to have motor in one of life-boats, you see. Captain says put out de oars. Shore four miles. Wind blowing right ahead very strong. We was pulling about two hours, but we was de same place all de time: we couldn't shift. One man had to be with a bucket to get de water out de boat because she was filling all de time. So when we see dat we couldn' do notting we put up sail an' try to sail over to Sweden. We took three reefs an' put our course to Sweden. Nearly it was ice de whole day to about nine o'clock.

" Captain, chief engineer, second mate, steward, me and odder A. B. in our boat. Dere was six in de odder boat. We see her one minute in de fog, she was sailin', den we don't see her no more. About six in de evenin' we see a lighthouse right ahead. An' dat was de Molouptunte lighthouse in Sweden. So we sail harder. Now two men have to keep de bucket goin' to keep de boat afloat. De captain he say: ' It might be a little place on de lee side. Let us alter our course to go on de lee side.'

" But de second mate, he was de helmsman, he say we better keep straight ahead: we'll sooner reach land. Everyt'ing was dark: we couldn' see notting, even de lighthouse. So dere was we about hundred yards away from de beach.

We run into de rocks an' de boat capsized. We all had to go in water. De water was not very deep dere but still we couldn't reach de bottom. We was amongs' field-ice. First t'ing I see when I come up again was only a hat layin' on de water.

"Dat was de hat of de steward.

"Shortly after I see de second mate an' de odder A. B. Dey was swimmin' for de beach. Shortly after I reached de bottom wit' my feet. Now dat lighthouse-tender he was in de tower. So he had heerd dat somebody was crying. He went right into de house an' took a small flash-light along with him. He came down to de beach. Now de beach was full of snow, dere was about t'ree feet of snow dere, snow an' ice: an' de first t'ing he ask was how many was in de boat. We says we was six alto-gedder, we says. We was only four on de beach dere. De captain an' de steward we didn' see dem."

Here I broke in. I couldn't wait. "Were they lost?" I asked.

"No!" he exclaimed joyfully, as though in relieving my own suspense he felt again the access of gladness with which he had learned of their safety. "Dey was not los'. We get dem. Shortly after, dey reach de bottom, an' dey come. An' de steward he was nearly dead: he couldn'

do very much when he reach de beach. Dere was two lighthouse tenders. Dey each had a wife an' children but dey was livin' togedder.

"When he went down from de Tower for de flash-lamp he didn't say nutting to de wifes. So when we come up dere dey didn't know anyt'ing. An' we come up dere, an' dey have a very big kitchen dere. You see, dey used to eat in de same place. I yoost come in de door an' one o' de wifes ask what it was. When I open de door de heat was comin' out. So I lost everyt'ing for about ten minutes. I didn't remember anyt'ing. Before I find myself I have all de clo'es off. I was stiff, so dey have to split off my clo'es wid a knife to get it off. Dey was a young girl about nineteen years old and dose two wifes dey was rubbing us with blankets. So when I come to myself I feel shamed an' I says: 'Give me some clo'es, so I can put on some clo'es.' So one o' de wifes says: 'I can't see any more than God has shaped. Here is a cup of cognac,' she says. 'Drink it out. You soon feel warmer.' So I do, an' I feel good an' warm, get very heat. But both my hands and feet was frozen. If dey froze up hard dey will die away. An' she gave me some ointment. So we was all sittin' in dere, de whole six of us. She went after clo'es. De captain he was de las' one. So she said: 'I

am very sorry but we haven't got any more clo'es. Would you mind, Captain, to put on my clo'es?' Captain says: 'I don't care as long as I got somet'ing on.' She said: 'It iss too late to-night, but we will get a doctor to-morrow.' But I don't feel bad after dat. Very fine people, dose two wifes an' dat girl.

"So she said: 'Now I suppose you are hungry. I go an' make a good dinner.' Dat was about eleven o'clock at night. 'What you goin' to have?' say she. So she gave us fresh milk, fried eggs, beef, some pudding, an' some more clo'es. She said: 'Well, I like to hear de story.' So we told her de story, dat we were shipwrecked. She said: 'It happen once before dat a life-boat come here.' An' she said: 'I am very glad dat I can help such wreck-ed seamen.' So dey didn't have enough beds in de house, so we had to lay on de floor, of course, but she gave us good mattress, blankets an' everyt'ing.

"But we couldn't sleep dat night because we were worryin' about dat odder life-boat how it was goin' on. An' de next mornin' de wedder was still bad wedder. At dis place dere was no houses excep' de lighthouse. We all want somet'ing to smoke. She gave me five crowns. An' she said: 'Dere's a cigar store.' You know in de country dey use combined—a cigar store an'

dey got everyt'ing in dere. An' she said: 'About a hour's walk dere is a cigar store. You go in dere an' you get somet'ing to smoke.' I was all right excep' my han's an' feet, dey was very sore. Durin' de war we had life-saving service Coast Guards. I had a pet (petty) officer's cap on, you see. I went in dere. I had pet officer's yacket too, with some stripes on. Den I had dungaree pants of a boy. I look like a farmer. Den I have wood clogs. I went in dere an' soon as I come in he said to me: 'Are you a new pet officer of de King's Coast Guards?' 'Sure,' I say, 'yes.' I told him after, I was only yokin' wid him. I get all de cigarettes, I had to pay for dem. I went back an' had a real good smoke an' dinner.

"Inside was a small town, Falkenberg. About two hours with a motor-car. And lighthouse-tender he 'phone in to get a big motor-car out. So motor come out about three o'clock afternoon. An' de lighthouse-tender an' six of us de whole crew went into town. An' we yoost happen to come into de Horse Market, you know. Some was in dungaree pants right up to de knees. We was all in fancy dress. We go to de seamen's office, but dey was no consul. We go up to de big ho-tel, he from de seamen's office tells us we should. Lots of fine people sittin' up dere at

de ho-tel. An' dey start to laugh. Dey was business people—typewriters an' dat stuff. So lighthouse-tender says to dem: 'Don't laugh. If you was gone through de lass two days what dem fellows iss gone through you would not laugh.' So dey all keep quite. So we had a good meal. Dat man from de Seamen's Office he was wid us as well.

"An' we went into a big store dere. We get fine new clo'es, very fine, dressed up like gentlemens when we went out again. We come back to de ho-tel at night, like gentlemens. Dey know it was de same fellows was in dungaree clo'es an' wooden clogs. So dey didn't laugh any more den, you see. But dey hang around us. Dey would like to talk to us, of course. We had a special table dere. We was for four days, de same ho-tel. We had it very fine dere, very decent, fine people in dat place. I yoost reach home de day before Christmas.

"About de udder life-boat. We wreck-ed on Tuesday, an' we didn't hear notting on Saturday night. We t'ought dey was all gone. So dey was freezing so dey got cramps—dey couldn' move hands an' arms—dey had to lay down in de boat. Dere was only two men in action to keep de boat. So dey was driftin' round. Dey was about t'irty hours in de life-boat, in such a

cold wedder. Dey passed Fladen's Lightship. An' dey got pick-ed up by de lightship. Dey was in de lightship for two days. Den it happen dat a steamer pass de lightship. An' de lightship signal to de steamer to come over, you see, an' de steamer come over an' take de whole crew over to Malmö in Sweden. But two of dem dere, dey was so frozen dat dey couldn't fix dem. Dey still will live, but like invalids, you see.

"An' den at home—dey had seen dere was a wreck, a boat had been out—one of de Danish salvat (rescue) steamers had been out. Dey report de name. An' den nobuddy knows anyt'ing. Dey tink dey all gone. An' in de papers home dey read, de ship *Warne* wreck-ed. And as soon as we come in Falkenberg we had to telegram dem, but dat was four days after. An' dey was very worried.

"Five days from New Year I go out again. I was home nearly two weeks. I was not long at home. Dere is no money to earn dere. You know. It's all right to have a birt'day now an' den. But still, you know . . ."

To the symposium the second engineer, a gray-grizzled veteran dark as a Levantine, contributed the story of an attack by the Germans in the war, 300 miles to the west of Ireland. He was

on a steamer bearing like a Valkyr or Rhine-maiden the lovely name of *Fimreihte,* 7,000 gross tonnage, carrying iron ore from Nova Scotia to England. It was in July, 1915. I asked him if his ship was not one of the earliest Norwegian victims of the submarines. "Yess," he answered, "we was between de first. We wasn't torpedoed—we was shotten down. I had watch in engine-room. Dey let us get off to boats first. Den shot. Sank ship. We was in boat sixteen hours. A Norwegian sailing-ship comes by: and she takes us on board, but she cannot put us into de shore, dey is frightened of getting sunken demselves. We was on board her two days. She was going out to Chili to load salt-peter for England: she was in ballast. Name was *Springbank.* Den we meet English fish trawler: we came aboard her. One dat was bound for Iceland. She put us in at Lewis Island, at Stornaway. We was well treated all over. English fleet was dere. Admiral took care of us, and we got into a hotel. He get us away in afternoon. We got hold of another fish-trawler and it put us into Scotland. Dere we can get hold of de train and get down to Newcastle. Den we get de boat Newcastle to Bergen, twenty-four hours, run every two, t'ree days.

"I been fifteen years ashore in de shops, me-

chanic, but I come to sea because nothing to do on shore. We live out on de egg (edge) of de town. We live on de free air all night. In de town you can't move around widout you get restless—outside you got it free. You take a pair o' pants an' a pair o' slippers on an' you can go anywhere free. Inside de town you belong to de town. First time I was living where I am living dere was only two houses dere: now about t'irty."

And once more let the chief engineer be heard on the subject of how he gained a dog, and lost him again at Buenos Aires. The reader who does not like dogs may skip the pages if he likes. But if he had been on board the *Bauta* he would have been compelled to listen, even as the wedding guest had to hear the long yarn of the Ancient Mariner because of the hypnotic fascination of the story-teller. The chief engineer was also chief poet, romanticist, sentimentalist of our outfit. When he turned upon you his vague blue eyes set in pink cheeks under the tousle of fair hair, and poured forth a musical speech like a runic incantation, the effect was spellbinding: even as when the living language of the Sagas went from mouth to ears, instead of from books to eyes, and minstrels held an audience that included Kings, Earls, thanes and goatherds.

House of a "Greenlander" (Native Eskimo) at Arsuk

"I ship from Bergen on de *Haina*. De second engineer, he was a funny fel-low. He like to drink de glasses of beer and brandy. He was a good-hearted man. Sometimes in my sleep, sometimes when I was reading, dat fel-low was come aboard. 'Chief, can I come in and talk to you?' he say. 'I have got somet'ing with me.' Fruit, cheese, sauss'ges, greeps (grapes), fish, bread, cheeps (Saratoga chips), fine cakes. Every kind, nearly. An' one night, I was in Spain. I awakened, hearin' some funny voice. 'Chief, I got a present to you.' Little dog. T'ree weeks old. Couldn' say 'wuff, wuff.' Only 'e-e-e-e,' jus' like dat. He jus' so he start to see. He got colors like de liver-pad. He's earen was cutten off. He have it buyed for five pesetos. I ask him what I goon do wid dat dog. He is too . . . I can't keep it here. He say 'I want to present you to de dog. He is very fine races. Very fine family,' he say. I say 'T'ank you ver' much. De dog was too small. Taken too queeck from he's mudder.' So I say 'T'anks I don't want de dog.'

"Den I take de dog. At first to start he couldn't do much. Time is gone an' de dog is come up an' he be de friend for us all. I be more an' more glad in de dog. Got a lot of fun out of him. Once in Buenos Aires I can nearly say

he save my life. In Buenos Aires dere be a very dirty place near docks."

Up to this point in his story he had been very careful with his genders, just as he was trying his best to be grammatical and idiomatic in English. But here, under the stress of cumulative excitement and emotional suppression he began to make wild work of his pronouns, and called the dog " he " and " she " interchangeably. Till now it had been " he." But the hero of the story became intermittently a heroine during the rest of the narrative. This sudden sea-change, when later on he discoursed of the captain's wife and the dog in the same sentence, was confusing.

" One night men come in an auto as I leave de dock. De dog she was seven or eight steps behind me. Dey push me in. De dog she come right t'roo de window. She jump in an' was sittin' on me. Sat like de tiger, like de le-o-pard. Ready to ' b-r-r.' De fellow was knocking on de window. He was afraid. He let me out. Maybe he take me out in de country to rob me or my life if it not be for dat dog she save me, sitting on me, sayin' ' g-r-r ' like de le-o-pard.

" O I was glad in dat dog. When I say to him: ' Where you been? ' like dat, an' shake my finger so, he go like dat on de deck flat.

" I didn't say, she was a lady, yet. De year

after I get him, she have seven children. A fellow he tell me he was a fine sort, he cost a lot of money, an' de babies of dat dog too.

" We got a captain he was young: he go up: he was like a king. We goin' down to Buenos Aires. He had his wife. I don't think she was a first class. We can hear, dere is a different kind of talking. So I find out she couldn't be not so. Of dem seven we kill five. So we got only two back. I got big cases for de dog an' his two w'elps. She t'ink dey be out long enough an' she take dem in de mout 'an' bring dem back to de boxes. So we get along fine wid de dog.

" One days and I get a watch in de engine an' I got a donkey-man beside me an' I come up on deck afternoon about five. Officer standing dere. My dog come up de ladder. You know: hard for dog come up ladder walking like dat. Just de dog come half up, de captain put his feet on him. An' I say, ' What you do dat? Dat's not nice! '

" Den I went down to engine to look round.

" I hear a big noise come out from de dog.

" Dere was de woman. She goin' get steward. ' Tie dat dog! Kill dat dog! He bite my husband's feet! '

" ' O,' I say, ' waal, dere's notting to talk about dat. Dat dog he bite nobody he is only a dog.

An' I hope you fellows, madame, would do not touch de dogs, an' would do de same by me.' An' she wouldn' give up. I say de dog he with me about a year an' a half an' I got him an' some children an' I never hear any bad words of de dog be-fore.

" I ask one of de workin' fellows on de pier: ' Are you glad in de dogs? ' He say, ' yes.' I say: ' I mus' give him away.'

" Dat fellow he have lot o' trouble to get him home. After he get him home, de dog come back to de boat to look for me." He paused.

" He look for me dis way an' dat way." The engineer pantomimed the search, thrusting out his head to the cardinal points of the compass to show the eagerness of the dog's quest.

But it was unconsciously a lesson in the literary art to note how, at the climax of his story, he still clung to the rigorous simplicity of the Sagas and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, and used a few words where a sophisticated ink-slinger might have piled on very many. He swallowed a lump in his throat and turned his head that I might not see the tears in his eyes and ended his tale thus:

" Dog came, an' was hot, an' his tongue hangin' out. He try to climb up de ladder to get on de ship. I went in my room an' hid."

III

FORE AND AFT

III

FORE AND AFT

THE chief engineer gets 6,000 crowns (about $1,200) a year, and in reckoning his income tax the Norwegian authorities count in his board at sea as worth 2,000 crowns more. They tax him nineteen per cent., about one-fifth, on the entire 8,000 crowns. That is what furrows his brow as he makes suds in a tub in a corner of the engine-room to wash his undershirts, and thinks of the lost dog, and of his family of wife and four children. "Sunday out in de country," he laments. "I had one day like dat las' summer. I take four balls in my pockets an' laugh an' play with de children an' lie on de grass an' look up at de sky an' hear de birds. I don't know when I have a day like dat again. Here it is much troubles, here. Dey come knockin' on de door and say dis wrong, dat wrong.

"A engineer he listen, he put his ear down so, he hear something tell him, a little noise, dat somet'ing wrong. He mus' go see if he can find it."

With his long-nosed oil-can he followed his

pistons up and down, putting his hand on bearings to feel their temperature, in a way no novice dares to do, lest a descending piston crush his hand against the cylinder or a sudden lurch of the ship dislodge his foot on the greasy floor and throw him into the menagerie-den of the machinery. The vertical alignment of pistons in motion—some large, some small, some swift, some slow—plunging down and out to turn the shaft of the propeller, puts one in mind of elephants thrusting forth their trunks between the bars at the Zoo. Their keeper may even invade the cage of carnivora: he knows their ways, and they obey him. It is not for the tyro thus to venture.

We went exploring into the shaft-tunnel and along it to the propeller. The shaft-tunnel on a big ship like the *Leviathan* is a comparatively roomy imitation of the Catacombs: you can stand upright and walk like a proud free man along a lighted way. Here you crawl through a sewer that never was meant for a tourist. Four times last night the chief engineer came this way, to peer into his grease-cups and make sure a stream of water from a spigot played between them on the bearings. As you go with him you see that in several places the water has ceased to run from the spigots, or the grease does not come down: and one of the bearings is hot to the touch, as

it should not be. Imagine what may happen to the ship if there is friction trouble down here where the shaft is ceaselessly revolving to drive the screw. A hot-box is a fundamental malady to be avoided at all costs. The *Mayflower* in 1620 had the misfortune to break a great beam that was the very backbone of the ship, in mid-Atlantic: envisage, if you please, the consternation of the passengers as the vessel floundered and weltered. Now, three hundred and more years afterward, it would be a calamity worse than the paralysis of the steering-gear if the shaft should choke in bearings swollen with the heat, so that it refused to turn. And that is only one thing that might happen, and it is in the most obscure part of the vessel. What is the most important part of the boat? The question is as provocative of debate as the world-wide riddle: "Who won the war?" From the forepeak to the poop, each department of the ship might file its claim, and even the lowly mess-boy might affirm that each man in his degree is as necessary as the captain. One thing is sure, that we are carrying not a man more than we need, and the bad water taken on from another boat instead of a pure spring in Philadelphia is responsible for the fact that on the fourth day one of our stokers is laid out and a man has to be called from the donkey-

engine to wield the shovel and the rake below for him.

When a first-class passenger writes home: "We had an uneventful voyage" it only means that he missed everything that went on under his feet and round about him. Every sea-voyage, from Ararat to Amundsen, has been choc-a-bloc with incident, if men had but the wit and the will to discern it. If the engine-room is a modified Zoo, the poop with the crew's quarters is a laboratory of dynamic sociology. The stoke-hold is a qualified hell, though oil-burning has vastly bettered the conditions there. But most ships are not oil-burners yet.

As we go poking and probing along the shaft at the bottom of the ship, the engineer is telling me of a man who on another boat was caught by the protruding of his shirt, bound to the whirling shaft, and carried round with every revolution. "Was he killed?" I asked. The engineer turned a spigot and made answer solemnly: "He was terribly killed."

We came out into the engine-room again, and the engineer said: "On American liner, engineer he can sit in a room." Then he pretended the end of his flash-lamp was a telephone transmitter. "He call down, so: 'Everyt'ing all right? So: good! Yes. All right. Go ahead.' Here we

not can do dat. T'ink in war-time what it was, suppose you was in de tunnel when de ship was hit. What you go to do? Here now is pipes dat if dey broke wit' steam, or maybe dose boilers bursted, everybody in dis place he would be killed in one minute."

We rounded Cape Breton to buffet a way through Cabot Strait into the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the little fishing-boats were thick as butterflies alongshore. Through the glass one saw that many were skiffs with but two men aboard, both standing. If they were larger boats, one man of three was as high on the mast as he could climb to serve as lookout. When near enough, they waved a salutation. Between Mandieu and Cormandiere lights a tramp steamship like our own was ashore. She had been aground a long time, and was dismantled and deserted. She stood bolt upright, and it was hard to believe she was a prisoner of the rocks and would never be freed again. But in the captain's opinion she would not be worth saving. A small schooner that sailed past her, close to the shore, with her dirty sails and her slow time and her narrow room for cargo was worth more, as the living dog is better than the lion dead.

Standing at the prow looking out over the leaden white-ruffled sea with the spray in your

face, it seemed that all the enginery behind us on the boat was concentrated here—to drive this fighting edge of steel, three inches wide, to Greenland through the sea. Wave by wave the sullen water attacked and was divided: knot after knot the power of the whole ship carried that port anchor with the mud of the Delaware still adhering like dried putty. Here hung an aluminum-painted gray bell that might have been taken from a Winslow Homer painting. The fo'c'sle was like an attic for the storage of tarpaulins, paints, oils, lamps, grease, ropes and wedges. There was a brave array of lanterns; ruby-red, sky-blue and nile-green, their glass ridges standing out like the carved rings on ivory chessmen: an æsthete would have wanted to purloin them to hang from a studio ceiling or over a gate.

Oil, grease, grime and rivets everywhere, and men sitting on the deck among them, everlastingly chipping and scraping at the rust, their hammers and chisels the ship's orchestra, all of percussion instruments. And ladders, if you climb down into the stoke-hold or the engine-room, must be descended the marine way, with a nonchalance, and facing outward, as one goes down-stairs at home, not after the manner of the landlubber, who clings as for dear life and is

gingerly. You must look where your head is going as well as your feet. There are high thresholds of iron or studded brass for your footing and low lintels for your forehead. While there is a meaning to the term " ship-shape," you may even find a paint-pot with a brush in it at a doorway, and there are generally things to stumble over in dark places, however closely you may watch your step.

We have engineers and captains who are brilliant essayists: who shall be the ruminative Marcus Aurelius, or the Job philosophizing among the ashes, for the stoker? From our stoke-hold the German coal-passer from Bremerhaven puts the ashes over the side with the air of a deposed archduke. He is glad to have someone talk to him in his own language. In his fuliginous pit the words " Die Moderne Kunst " (" The Modern Art ") are chalked on the bulkhead over a picture of a Wild West cowboy such as Germans love to see in the motion pictures from America. On the other wall of the bulkhead are drawn with chalk a shovel, a poker (called a " slice ") and a " rake " like a hoe, crossed in the fashion of a heraldic emblem, with the words TRUE LOVE written beside them and the name SIDNEY scrawled underneath—the dedication of a stoker's love, so much more suitable than the

conventional emblem of the heart pierced with Cupid's arrow. Then there is a picture of a redoubtable Danish stoker giving battle to the fires: he is depicted as an armored knight, facing like St. George a furnace that resembles a seething dragon. Fathoms under the sea at the bottom of the ladders, so far from the grimy skylight, one is reminded of the breaker-boys in Pennsylvania mines who chalk on the doors where the mules pass through a picture of birds and write above them "Do Not Disturb the Birds." Or it is like prisoners in the penitentiary who paint blue skies, green fields and running brooks upon their cell-walls to speak to them of freedom.

"Dere was more time for art when coal was good," says the German. "We must keep too busy now." There are three stokers and two trimmers, when nobody is sick. The business of the trimmers, or passers, is to maintain a flow of coal from the bunkers down to the stoke-hold floor. By the end of the cascade it may be pulverized, and it is not much fun to feed those gaping red mouths with the dust. But the real job is not so much to throw the shovels of coal on the fire as to poke and rake it afterward. It is then that the full hot glare of the fire comes in your face and you long to stand under the

ventilator. On a windless day that ventilator brings small comfort. There is no forced draught to drive the air down, and an open door into the adjoining forward hatch is better than all that the ventilator can do. Is it a wonder that the stoker is liable to pulmonary troubles and to stomach complaints? For he constantly goes aloft dripping with perspiration to encounter the chill air, and on a ship like this there is no comfortable shower-bath between him and his bunk when at last he goes off duty. You cannot know what it means to serve the fires four hours at a time, till you have faced the open furnace doors yourself—and you are doing it as an occasional tour de force, but they must keep at it steadily.

When the stoker gets to the crew's quarters in the poop, over the shaft and close to the propeller, what does he find? It is better than it used to be—but, in all civilized conscience, it is cheerless enough. Two larger rooms, to eat or sit in: smaller, berthed cabins opening off them marked "2 MAN" or "3 MAN." In the larger rooms are rusty stoves, with socks and shirts hung to dry, on twine, and bits of fish-net, and old shoes chucked in the corner. There are tables, elbow-polished and bare, save for a greasy pack of playing-cards, and a few well-thumbed pictorial magazines. On one wall is pinned a picture of a

black bear taken from a Sunday newspaper. A few flies are strutting over the table, collecting in groups where there is anything to interest a fly. There is on another wall a placard that reads:

SEAMEN
Notice! Notice! Notice!
Boycott Boycott
S. Royland
located at
214 Chancellor Street
for shipping below
Shipping Board Scale
Seamen! Stay away
from this Crimp and
put him out of
business.
Scandinavian members
of M. T. W. I. U. 510
of the I. W. W.

Match-boxes and cigarette-stubs litter the floor. Two or three men in their bunks, rolled in a chrysalis of dirty brown blankets, are sleeping the sleep of the dead after their vigil: it would be a shame to wake them even to inquire for their welfare or try to amuse them. They want sleep most of all.

Along the paintless table are ranged wooden benches. Overhead is a coal-grimed skylight.

An oil lamp of ancient vintage swings from the charred ceiling and there is an electric light bulb besides. A pair of stokers' gloves is thrust behind the small gray-painted radiator against the wall. There is a torn cocoa-mat on the floor. In the cabins beside the shabby clothing there is no adornment, save a photograph from home, or a picture of a stage favorite.

Do men love what they find at sea? What sends them out in ships? Originally there must have been a feeling divided between a sort of affection and a fierce resentment against that which in yielding a livelihood takes so many lives.

The cook (" kok " in Norwegian) has his own troubles. He feeds the men plentifully, and the food is good. But the sea has a way of sweeping his pots and kettles unanimously from the stove. He needs to be a humorist, and he is: his eyes twinkle and his grumbling is discounted by the flickering play of sardonic laughter round his lips.

The steward is a good sort. He brings the food back again, under various disguises, till you have eaten it. His cadences are pleasant when he says: " Var saa god og speise "—" Please come to breakfast." He puts on the table delicious preserved tytebare, deep red, like little cranberries or the partridge-berries of New-

foundland, and cheese made from the milk of goats, and the roe of cod. The steward's ingenuity has been taxed to make the fresh fruit last as long as possible. Without refrigeration, save that of the outdoor temperature, the peaches fell by the wayside by the time we got into the Strait of Belle Isle, but before the last of them perished he had the remnant put up in jars of preserves. Some of the melons and the grapes got through: the apples, of course, did best of all. With a clear conscience we ate the part of the perishable cargo which would otherwise have to be flung overboard, for the people at Ivigtut were only to pay for the fruit that arrived in good condition.

Our web-footed, duck-backed sailors paid little heed to rough weather encountered as we entered Cabot Strait. A change in climate came in the next thirty-six hours, with a fall in temperature to 52° in the Strait of Belle Isle.

Once in the Strait I felt myself in familiar waters. To the left was Greenly Isle, which brought back memories of a run with Dr. Grenfell in his hospital ship *Strathcona* in August, 1919. At that time Captain J. N. Coté, keeper of the light, was choking to death with a subtonsillar abscess. Two frantic telegrams brought the Labrador Doctor in a hurry from his head-

quarters at St. Anthony. I shall never forget how they fetched Captain Coté in a motor-boat to the middle of the ten-mile wide waterway to meet the *Strathcona* at the earliest possible moment, nor how the Captain was catapulted over the rail by brawny arms to Grenfell's ministrations in the tiny saloon of the little hospital ship. Relief came at once, and when the Captain offered three ten-dollar bills in payment the Doctor said quietly: "Thank you, I think one of those will do." The price of the coal for the run from St. Anthony's was $126,—five and a quarter tons, at $24 a ton,—and a surgeon of Dr. Grenfell's standing elsewhere would have thought nothing of a charge of several hundred dollars for the operation itself. Forteau, a little further along, was a reminder of the many years of devoted service at this point of Sister Bailey, friend of Edith Cavell, and guardian angel of the tiny settlement of about 140 people. Here she kept a cow, with long, strong horns, and at dawn there would be a line-up of waiting applicants for the milk supply, in behalf of babies and sick folk. This was the only cow for miles; and the animal survived because with those formidable horns she could fight off the dogs that would eagerly have pulled her down and devoured her.

Forteau, close to the Point Amour Light, is at the narrowest part of the Strait, where it is but ten miles across to Flower Cove on the Newfoundland shore. At the cove is Parson Richards, devoted friend and coadjutor of Grenfell, whose house is open at all times to shipwrecked mariners even when he does not know where his own next meal is to come from. It was at this house that Grenfell sought refuge in 1919 after he had tramped all the way round the northern end of the peninsula in the ice and snow of early spring, from his own boat, the *Strathcona,* prisoner of the ice-pack at St. Anthony. And no sooner was he in the Parson's crowded living-room than a summons came to go to a man who had shot himself accidentally in the leg, and to stay up all night with him to save him from an amputation.

By this time there is a large number of " Grenfell alumni " as they like to call themselves, who have caught the inspiration of his own quiet and self-effacing ministry and carry a torch he put into their hands. Some of them come to the coast each summer, like the veteran Dr. Andrews, expert oculist, who makes the journey hither each year all the way from California. Some have staff positions at lonely and difficult posts and remain the year through. A great many young

collegians from Harvard, Yale, Princeton and other institutions consider it the best kind of fun to take a vacation in the northern waters, and turn their hands ashore to every kind of hard menial labor asking no compensation for it beyond the satisfaction of feeling that their work counts lastingly for food. There are few examples in history of the influence of a single man persuading so large a company of persons that the joy of living is in such an enterprise as this.

Grenfell himself never pulls a long face as he goes about his day's labor. He teaches by the force of example rather than by direct personal exhortation, and to be with him in his work is to gain increasing confidence that life is a continuous gallant adventure no matter where we are nor what we are doing. An essential part of his creed is that it is fun to be alive, that everyone should share this joy, and his presence is a stimulus wherever he comes.

The Strait on either hand is invisibly yet indelibly inscribed with annals of sacrifice and devotion, all the way to Battle Harbor on the left portal as we come to the Atlantic, and to the farthest capes of Newfoundland, Cape Norman and Cape Bauld, upon the right. And rounding either corner to go south or north one finds the blessed chain of institu-

tions set up in the name of Grenfell's international mission, and manned by kindred spirits, men and women, fired by the zeal of his example. It was a positive wrench to pass within five miles of Battle Harbor Hospital, which I had visited in 1913 and 1919, and not renew the inspiring contacts of those memorable episodes.

To the right at the portal to the Atlantic where the mighty St. Lawrence bids us farewell at last is the looming rock bastion of Belle Isle, ten miles in length, with two lighthouses and two foghorns at the south end, one light and one horn at the northern extremity. Here, in the dense fog, many a gallant ship has come to grief. Nor, despite the safeguards, is it safe to-day to proceed in bad weather without the utmost caution. Just west of the Point Amour Light we had seen the battered hulk of the British cruiser *Raleigh,* a plaything of the ice and the waves these many years, and a fresher reminder of an ever-present peril was a tramp steamship about the size of our own vessel, hard and fast within a few hundred feet of the light at Flower Cove. Captain Coté told me in 1919 that the fog had lasted all summer, save for a break of three days: and he recounted the tragic history of two lighthouse-keepers who tried to bring their families from Quebec to the Strait and lost them—one man de-

prived of his wife and four children, the other of his helpmeet and five bairns.

Between Point Amour and Red Bay we saw the first ice: opposite the southern end of Belle Isle, in perfect sunshine, we passed within 100 feet of a small berg, a celestial apparition of purest white and translucent green: and before us, as if threatening to bar a passage to the sea, were several bergs like a fleet of yachts assembling for a regatta, while shoreward, stranded against cruelly forbidding rocks, was a great mass of ice that extended for hundreds of feet, with satellites beside it.

Meanwhile, ahead of us plods a tramp steamer on its way to Amsterdam, as it tells us over the wireless, and up from the river horizon behind us comes first a black ripple of smoke plumage and then gradually the complete apparition of a single-funneled passenger steamer, one of the "Empresses," bound for Liverpool. The fishing-fleet is conspicuous by its absence: it is now off on the banks, improving the golden weather that prevails. Despite the rough time we had in the southern reaches of the Gulf, we have come here in the best sailing weather of the year. From Belle Isle to Ivigtut it is a run of 600 miles, and if the wind and sea are reasonably good to us we shall do it in three days and a

half. Amid these bleak headlands and long, untenanted stretches of green grass and stunted trees and stark naked crags, where lonely unfished streams come down past glinting snowbanks to unpopulated shores, while the wind is rising and the mercury falls with the coming of the night, the evening when we left our humid anchorage upon the Delaware seems seven years, not seven days ago.

Beside me, in his comfortable upper room just off the bridge, the captain placidly weaves a fishing-net of stout white cord, intended for sport amid the salmon of the streams in Arsuk Fjord when we come to Greenland. He says it won't be finished before we get there: but it looks almost big enough for a hammock already. One end is hung on the door-handle, the other is attached to a billet of wood called a "chevle" which he holds in his left hand. In his right hand is the "naal" (needle) eight inches long, which looks like a boat carved by an Eskimo, and holds a sort of bobbin from which the string is passed in and out, to and fro, to form and knot the meshes. He whistles or hums some ancient tune as his shuttle flies: he lives in another world from that which I have known. Though he stoutly refuses to admit that he believes in fairies, his memory is busy to-night with tarns and reefs,

waterfalls and glens of his own land: he thinks of parties with singing and dancing and wassail. He can see things miles away without a glass: the rays of light must bend round corners for him, though he never heard of the Einstein theory. He sleeps with both ears and eyes open, yet somehow he rests well: and he is not happy save when his hands are in action and preferably his feet also. He has decided that the dining-saloon, including the sideboard, needs to be scraped and painted, and with evident enjoyment he is doing it himself: yet he is on the bridge, walking miles from side to side, whenever there is the slightest reason to be there, and through the open door from which the fish-net hangs he can instantly communicate with the helmsman or the officer upon his watch, and hear the helmsman, as he leaves the wheel, say " Ost-nordost " (east-northeast) or " Nordost til ost " (northeast by east) to give the course to the man who slips into his place in the darkness at eight bells when the end of the watch comes. The captain insists that the good old days are by when there were sailormen who loved their work for its own sake, and had an honorable ambition to be advanced in it. He laments the fact that almost every voyage means a wholesale desertion and replacement, and his standard for an officer

is as high as it is for his own executive demeanor. You might think to hear him that the ship is chiefly manned by blithering incompetents—though he never rants, nor raises his voice, nor loses his temper when he gives an order. But the supercargo after a week of it feels that if this ship's company is not competent to take a ship to Greenland and bring a load of kryolith away he knows of no mariners who could make a better job of it, and he is increasingly persuaded that no man could put to sea in safer hands, in any waters.

IV

SEA-ROOM

IV

SEA-ROOM

"The next day a more favourable winde at the West Northwest . . . gave them liberty of more scope and Sea-roome."—Hakluyt: the second voyage of Frobisher for the discovery of a new passage by the Northwest (1577).

And so as the night came on (Monday, August 24) we stood out into Davis Strait, for the run of 600 miles to the coast of Greenland. The mainmast light was extinguished, that the man at the wheel and the lookout might see the ice better if any loomed head. The captain and the first mate were on the bridge as we smote the open sea, our prow jabbing the Pole Star. They had been putting soap round the edge of their cabin windows to keep out the eerie howling of the fiendish northern wind.

The temperature of the water in the night dropped from fifty to forty-two. A hundred miles from the shore, seven black-headed ducks were paddling our way like a convoy, but they upended with military precision, as though their captain of the fleet had said: "Are you ready? Sink without a trace!" the moment we came abreast of them. I hoped to put under the microscope some of the plankton on which they fed, and a

bucket was lowered over the side, but it brought up nothing about which the lens could tell me any interesting tales. Gulls—white-polled, with wings of mottled gray—were wheeling, gliding and creaking in our wake, disdainful of our rolling, oily deck, but settling on the water in a way that pleased the sailors, who declared it meant fair weather. In no other sailing water or weather have I seen distant clouds that so closely resembled mountainous blue land,—especially when the shifting veils of gray fog closed down, only to lift again a little later with tantalizing silver hints of sunlight. The solitude is mighty, the silence might be appalling, were it not for that ceaseless percussion of the seamen with hammers beating rust off the deck-plates, and the pounding of the faithful pistons down below, rhythmic and resounding through the ship like the double bass of an orchestra. No other funnel, mast or sail is there—nor for the whole length of the sea-trail between Labrador and the great isle where we are going is there any likelihood of a hail and a farewell. The depth here is about a mile and a half—a little further on it is 12,000 feet. Imagination plays with the picture of sea-creatures haunting the gloom below, remorseless in their quest of lesser breeds that they may rend or merely swallow at a gulp.

There are two huge bergs to the eastward—incredibly like full-rigged sailing ships, immaculate of plumage: but as we pass them they go through subtle changes like the clouds at sundown; they take on fantastic forms of hippogriffs or the winged lions beside Assyrian thrones. One of the bergs is easily a hundred feet high—another, more distant, must be almost 200 sheer feet of alabaster—and it seems a glittering sea-castle of crystal battlements, so solid and so stately it is hard to imagine its subsidence under the sun's rays as it goes southward to find warmer seas. Then as we see one of the bergs at a different slant it shows a solitary pinnacle standing off at the side like a white knight keeping guard, with the waves dashing as through a moat between himself and the castle. The captain, who is far from being a romantic soul, smiles and says "*Bauta!*"—"statue"—the name of our own little ship. A third berg on the left is ridiculously like a Chinese pagoda, tumbling down at one side: the suggestion of the Orient and the tropics is quaintly out of place, even though Greenland before the ice-age was covered with ferns and great trees, as men can tell to-day from the fossils discoverable still.

The captain says he can see the bergs as well with his own eyes as with my opera-glasses: yet

he mourns the fact that his sight is not what it was when he was a lad. This declension he ascribes to the eye-strain he underwent when he dove for bright colored buttons in Norwegian fjords, four fathoms down. "When I wasn't swimming in de water I was lying in it—all de day. My daughter is de same. She *can't* sink."

Then the captain, looking over the rail, diverges from the sea to his troubles on the land. "I took de elevator and went to get off at de tent' floor. De man say, 'Everybody ought to know, we don't stop at de tent' floor.' I say to him 'You live here always—you always on de job. How would I know, I never been here before?' Den when I went to come down I call out to stop de elevator. De man say I should make a red light. I tell him a red light mean to me danger. What for I want to make a red light? I went into a store to buy a pump. Clerk was both arms lying across a case, chewing on gum. He say something I forget, didn't have nothing to do with it, about me. I want to mash him in de face—I was almost up to it. What for is a clerk dat chews gum or maybe is smoking and throws matches on de floor? It isn't good. What for dey want to talk such rats (rot)?

"At Arendal was a rich man wore shabby

clothes, so nobody could tell he had much. He always pooled (pulled) his own boat. He lived on an island. A young man came down to de wharf and want to be rowed out to de island to borrow money from de rich man. He yoomp into de boat where de rich man was lying, but he didn't know it. So de young man tell him to pull him out to de island, an' he stan' up in de boat an' tell him which way he should go. So de rich man dat he t'ought was a poor man pool (pull) him out dere, but when he ask him for de money—yes, he didn't get any!

" Dese Bolsheviks now—when we was in Kronstadt las' year where I used to see a hundred ships, before de war, now all cranes are broken down, all lighters and ships lying sunk everywhere. A Russian man-of-war she come to Bergen. De crew come ashore in deir new dresses and bought all de sweets and shokolats dey could get. But dere was no orders on board dat ship: de Captain he do not dare to give any. De crew if he want anyt'ing dey hold a meeting an' decide if dey will let him have it. He must ask please will dey do dis or dat, an' if dey like, dey will."

Everybody on the *Bauta* has a motto. The cook's, which is based on sad experience of things spoiling at sea, is " Half of anything is no good."

And another favorite saying with him is " If you don't go around and look you never know."

The steward and the second mate believe in seeing things when they go ashore. They took a cargo of herring to Petrograd and visited the palace. " Dey took us all through, two kopecks, with slippers on your shoes so you shouldn't spoil anything. The cinemas is free. All dat used to be is killed with revolution. But dey take good care of de palace. Dey have a Sailors' Institute. De streets is badly paved: no motor cars, an' clo'es cos' too much."

The coign of vantage on a wet, raw day, with the decks a reek of grime and spray, is the cook's galley. Here you may hear the news of the floating hamlet brought by courier from the fo'c'sle or the poop, when the mess-boy comes in for a pot of coffee or a shred of salt cod. The talk may be of a five-ton boat coming from Norway to Frederickshaab in Greenland for the fishing—almost like trying to cross the Atlantic in an open boat! She had four men, and the crew of the 40-ton and 50-ton boats were as much surprised as if Eskimo kayaks had bobbed up in the middle of their fleet. Then the steward, who comes in to make jam of some plums and peaches that are fast spoiling, is concerned for the mess-boy, who is grinding the coffee in the corner, and

who cannot speak a word of English. "He is sixteen. He hass no fadder an' no mudder: nine years since mudder died, five years since fadder. Eldest brudder who looked out for him is dead two months. He been at sea a year, gets fifty krone, ten dollars, a month. Yet de las' time was ashore he spend thirty dollars, and when he come on board he buy a pair pants and shirt from fireman for two shillings. He is a centrumstril —dat is a boy comes from de middle of de city of Bergen. Anybody comes from Bergen we say is a Bergense—not a Norwegian."

Meanwhile, the cook's monologue continues, for any within earshot: "Rough-an'-tumble meat, de crew gets now. But it is better dan it was. . . . Thirty-five years ago I went on big sailing-vessel Norway to de West Indies. We had no fresh bread. Everything was maggots."

He pulled down his socks to show me the scars on his shins, from boils. "Bad enough now, God knows. . . . I am forty-nine. . . . No use trying to make anyt'ing out of dis. Let 'er rip. . . . Dey don't know notting anyhow." His bark is much worse than his bite. The mess-boy, cleaning a lamp-chimney with a shred of newspaper, grins at all he says, though he does not understand when it is said in English. It is raining through the cracked skylight on the stove. "By

an' by they be goin' without any inside to the stove," says the cook, as he drives a shining knife three feet long viciously through a salted cod tough as sole-leather. "Some day dey'll find demselves in hell maybe. I'll be out of it." Then he reverts from prophecy to personal history. "Las' time I come round de Horn all de sails was blown aff (off) her. Everyt'ing in de galley was filled up or smashed out. . . . I guess dis is my last trip." He has been saying that for thirty-five years. It is another of his mottoes, an article in his creed.

"We had it good out o' New York in de oyster boats . . . we all had one union dere. . . . We got a cooks' an' stewards' association in Norway, but it is all humbugged up. . . . I belong to de English, de National Cooks', Stewards', Firemen's an' Sailors' Association. . . . De English is all right. I got a Norwegian ticket. I can practice in all countries. If you want to go outa England you gotta have a English ticket—an' dat's all right. In dis t'ing dere's no limit.

"My name is Anders Jensen of Christiansand. I was one time a Swedish ship coal-passer. I know what's goin' on in dem. . . . Anudder time I was in one of de best boats outa Philly—de *Gulf Stream.*"

Here a fireman came in for coffee. As he goes out again the cook observes: "You have to give 'em it strong, jus' like tar." Enter the first mate, in slickers and rubber hat, streaming with brine. "Soon I got to wear oilskins like dat," says the cook, pointing with his ladle to the dripping skylight.

"I made you a tarpaulin," the mate reminds him. "You didn't use it."

"I gotta enclose myself in," is the cook's ambiguous defence. But the mate is examining one of the oil lamps which he calls "Rockyfellers," and heeds him not. "Too little money I get," the cook's jeremiad continues. "Eight pound a mont'. I ain't got no home, only where I hang my hat. I woulda stopped in America only now dey got laws different altogedder." He then tells me the whole story of his marriage and divorce—which is sufficiently dramatic and compelling, but it belongs to him and not to me. Many a sailor on the deep seas could pour out, to any who would listen, a similar woeful tale of married unhappiness made greater to the breaking-point by the "unplumb'd salt, estranging sea" that breaks up families not merely by drowning, but by keeping husbands, wives and children far apart for many months in a sequence of suspense.

You cannot cross Davis Strait between Labrador and Greenland without thinking of the stout-hearted John Davis who in 1585, 1586 and 1587 made three voyages from England hither in quest of the Northwest Passage, and is immortalized by the writing of his name for six hundred miles across the map to-day between the New World and the Old. "Here lies one whose name was writ in water" was Keats' epitaph for himself, and he meant it as a mournful assertion of his life's evanescence and futility—but what is it to have thus inscribed one's autograph indelibly upon the everlasting sea? While plowing across the Strait on this gray day of rain and bitter cold and clouds about us like shrouds, and the wind crying, it is worth while to plunge into the pages of Richard Hakluyt, that famous chronicler of "The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques and Discoveries of the English Nation," and learn therein what John Davis, and his predecessors Sebastian Cabot, Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Sir Martin Frobisher accomplished in these waters in "the spacious times of great Elizabeth" and before her days. It is one of the glowing and resonant tales of England and of the world's history by sea or land.

A pretty picture Christopher Hall, Master of the *Gabriel,* draws of the start of Frobisher's

voyage in 1576. The departing ships discharged their ordnance and "made the best shew we could" while "Her Majestie, beholding the same, commended it, and bade us farewell, with shaking her hand at us out of the window." The land to which they came, by Elizabeth's own suggestion, they called Meta Incognita, the name now bestowed on the southern part of Baffin Land, and certain touches of the description, save for the archaic terms, might have been put on paper this morning. That there were men of thought as well as of strenuous action in the ship's company is amply proved by the words of our chronicler, who dwells on the consolation of literature among the storms and bergs: "The fruition of our bookes, and other pleasures to passe away the time; a thing of no small moment, to such as wander in unknown seas, and long navigations, especially, when both the winds and raging surges do passe their common and wonted course." To-day we go to Greenland for that beautiful white stone, kryolith—then they were eagerly anxious to bring back to the great Queen some valuable mineral or metal, and much of the discourse is of mines and mining. "The stones of this supposed continent with America be altogether sparkled," writes this historian of the Frobisher expedition, "and glisten in the sunne

like gold: so likewise doth the sand in the bright water, yet they verifie the old proverb: All is not gold that glistereth." And still, we are told " in this Isle our Generall thought good for this voyage to fraight both the ship and barkes, with such stone or supposed gold minerall, as he judged to countervaille the charges of his first, and this his second navigation to these Countreys."

Then, as now, the dogs were the horses of the country, and Christopher Hall notes that dogs " not much unlike Wolves " were yoked " as we do oxen and horses, to a sled or traile."

Much of his account of 1576 is true of to-day. Thus he finds that the natives were delighted then, as they are now, with " any thing that is bright, or giveth a sound; " that they ate dead flesh or fish " smell it never so filthily," and that there are " certaine stinging gnattes, which bite so fiercely, that the place where they bite shortly after swelleth and itcheth very sore." And " the Countreys on both sides the streights lye very high with rough stony mountaines, and great quantitie of snow thereon. There is very little plaine ground and no grasse, except a little which is much like unto mosse that groweth on soft ground, such as we get Turffes in. There is no wood at all." " There are no rivers or running

springs, but such as through the heat of the Sunne, with such water as descendeth from the mountaines and hilles, whereon great drifts of snow do lie, are ingendred."

In the account of Frobisher's third voyage, in 1578, we read of the Eskimo: "They delight in Musicke above measure, and will keep tune and stroke to any tune which you shall sing, both with their voyce, head, hand and feete, and will sing the same tune after you." The same thing is notably true of their descendants, whose images are nests of singing birds.

"Captaine Frobisher Generall," a God-fearing man, had issued strict orders to his captains, under his own hand and "delivered in writing," "imprimis, to banish swearing, dice, and card-playing, and filthy communication, and to serve God twice a day, with the ordinary service usuall in Churches of England." His piety revealed itself in the watchword of the fleet. "If any man in the Fleete come up in the night, & hale his fellow knowing him not, he shall give him this watch-word: 'Before the world was God.'" Think of calling across the sea by night to one another such messages as that! One is reminded of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, just before the light of his vessel went out off Newfoundland, crying to another of his ships: "We are as near

Heaven by sea as by land." Then his ship sank in the storm and he was seen no more.

In the very water where Frobisher sailed I was reading on a Sunday the gospel according to St. John. And as I read the sublime opening words, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God," I thought of old Sir Martin and his orders to his fleet, putting God where God should be.

And this was to be the answer. "The other shal answere him (if he be one of our Fleete) After God came Christ His Sonne." A reminder that Christ walked upon the face of the waters, and beside the sea, and stilled the raging of the tempest, and summoned fishermen to be his first disciples.

The Captain General devoted the ninth of his fifteen "articles and orders" to the subject of one of mankind's most formidable enemies upon the northern seas. "That every ship in the fleete in the time of fogs, which continually happen with little winds, and most part calmes, shall keep a reasonable noise with trumpet, drumme, or otherwise, to keep themselves cleere one of another." So that the musicians had more to do than dispel the megrims of the ship's company afloat and ashore.

He needed stout ships, moreover, for the battle

The Mountain's Wall Behind the Mine

with the ice. "They were faine to submit themselves and their ships to the mercy of the unmercifull yce, and strengthened the sides of their ships with junckes of cables, beds, mastes, planks and such like, which being hanged over boord on the sides of their ships might the better defend them from the outrageous sway and strokes of the said yce." But that was not all. "Some, even without boord upon the yce, and some within boord upon the sides of their ships, having poles, pikes, pieces of timber, and Ores in their handes, stoode almost day and night without any rest, bearing off the force, and breaking the sway of the yce with such incredible paine and perill, that it was wonderfull to beholde, which otherwise no doubt had striken quite through and through the sides of their ships, notwithstanding our former provision: for plankes of timber of more than three inches thicke, and other things of greater force and bignesse, by the surging of the sea and billowe, with the yce were shivered and cut in sunder at the side of our ships, so that it will seem more then credible to be reported of."

Worse still, there were "mountaines of yce tenne thousand times scaping them scarce one ynch." The fleet had a chaplain of the right pith and sinew, who put a heart of grace into them all. "This maister Wolfall being well seated

and setled at home in his own Countrey, with a good and large living, having a good honest woman to wife and very towardly children, being of good reputation among the best, refused not to take in hand this paineful voyage, for the onely care he had to save soules, and to reforme those Infidels if it were possible to Christianite: and also partly for the great desire he had that this notable voyage so well begunne, might be brought to perfection: and therefore he was contented to stay there the whole yeare if occasion had served, being in every necessary action as forward as the resolutest man of them all. Wherefore in this behalfe he may rightly be called a true Pastor and Minister of Gods word which for the profit of his flocke spared not to venture his owne life." Later it appears that Master Wolfall had to visit a floating parish that, like that of Chaucer's faithful parson, was "far asunder." We are told that he "made sermons, and celebrated the Communion at sundry other times, in severall, and sundry ships, because the whole company could never meet together at any one place."

"In the meane time, whilest the Mariners plyed their worke, the Captaines sought out new mynes, the Gold-finers made tryall of the Ore the Mariners discharged their shippes, the Gen-

tlemen for example sake laboured heartily, and honestly encouraged the inferiour sort to work." The luck they were looking for was exactly that which befell the discoverers of the kryolith mine at Ivigtut, which is at the very water's edge. For we are told that " it was not likewise impossible to finde some Ore or Mine thereabouts wherewithall to fraight their Shippes, which would bee more commodious in this place, for the neernesse to seaward, and for a better outlet, then farther within the streights, being likely heere always to loade in a shorter time."

One brief extract more from the tale of brave Frobisher, to prove that he realized what every sailor in these waters since has had reason to recognize, sometimes at the cost of bitter suffering if not of death. " Also the coast is so much subject to broken ground and rockes, especially in the mouth and entrance of every Harborough, that albeit the Channell be sounded over and over againe, yet you are never the neerer to discerne the dangers. For the bottome of the sea holding like shape and forme as the Land, being full of hills, dales and ragged Rockes, suffreth you not by your soundings to know and keep a true gesse of the depth. For you shall sound upon the side or thicknesse of one Hill or Rocke under water, and have a hundreth, fiftie, or fourtie

fadome depth: and before the next cast, yer you shall be able to heave your lead againe, you shall be upon the toppe thereof; and come aground to your utter confusion." And as for the bergs, or "Alpes of yce," "one there was found by measure to be 65 fadome above water, which for a kind of similitude was called Solomons porch. Some think those Ilands eight times so much under water as they are above, because of their monstrous weight." Streams ran down as they melted, "which uniting together made a pretie Brooke able to drive a Mill."

But the most interesting voyages in quest of the Northwest Passage at the end of the sixteenth century were those of John Davis, whose name is given to the great strait 600 miles wide that divides Labrador from Greenland. For his first venture, he had a bark of fifty tons, the *Sunshine,* and another of thirty-five tons, the *Moonshine.* He sailed in the *Sunshine,* and of his twenty-two comrades four were musicians. The *Moonshine* carried nineteen persons. After sailing northwest from June 7 to July 20, and encountering "great store of Whales," they came upon a land "which was the most deformed, rockie and mountainous land that ever we saw." The shore was "beset with yce a league off into the Sea, making such yrksome

noise that it seemed to be the true pattern of desolation, and after the saime our captain named it, The Land of Desolation." Cape Desolation, west of Cape Farewell, perpetuates the name to-day. When they got ashore they took with them their musicians to soothe the savage breast, and the sailors danced to signify a friendly intention. They found "birch and willow growing like shrubbes low to the ground." On the second voyage, Davis and his company came to land in latitude 66°, 33 min., and 70° west longitude, as he is careful to record. Here, in August, they "were very much troubled with a flie which is called Muskyto, for they did sting grievously." One of the mariners, writing his own account for a gentleman of London, noted that "the seventh day of July we did seen Groenland, and it was very high, and it looked very blew." "The stones that we found in the countrey," he added, "were black, and some white, as I thinke they be of no value, neverthelesse I have brought examples of them to you."

The third voyage, in 1587, was undertaken by two barks and a "clinker," also called a "pinnesse," whose performance gave the voyagers concern. One of them wrote, after the foremast of this little ship went by the board: "The *Elizabeth* towed the pinnesse, which was so much

bragged off by the owners report before we came out of England, but at Sea she was like a cart drawen with oxen. Sometimes we rowed her because she could not saile for scant wind. The 31 day (of May) our Captaine asked if the pinnesse were stanch. Peerson answered that she was as sound and stanch as a cork. This made us something glad, when we saw she would brooke the Sea, and was not leake."

On this voyage they reached about 73° north latitude, calling the point attained Hope Sanderson; it is known as Sanderson's Hope to-day. Davis himself has left us a "traverse-booke," very carefully compiled, of this third voyage, in which he enters his times, courses and bearings with great precision. In his marginal "Discourse" for these entries, he observes "This 19 of July at one a clocke in the afternoon we had sight of the land of Mount Raleigh, and by 12 of the clocke at night we were thwart (across) the Streights which (by Gods helpe) I discovered the first yere." Mt. Raleigh is on the coast of Columbia Peninsula, in Baffin Land. Coasting southward, in a "great inlet" on July 30 they had "8 or 9 great rases, currents or overfals, lothsomely crying like the rage of the waters under London bridge, and bending their course into the sayd gulfe." On the first of August

" we fell with the promontory of the sayd gulfe." The man who has left us the account of the slow-going pinnace informs us that they named this " Chidleis Cape," and that it is in 61° 10′ north latitude. This is the point we know to-day as Cape Chidley, the northern extremity of Labrador.

In a treatise called " The worlds Hydrographicall description," cited by Hakluyt, Davis has left us his own succinct summary of his three voyages. He says that upon the coast of North America " my self have had the most experience of any in our age." In the first voyage of 1585, he says, he had fallen " upon the shore which in ancient time was called Groenland, five hundred leagues distant from the Durseys west northwest northerly, the land being very high and full of mightie mountaines all covered with snow, no view of wood, grasse or earth to be scene, and the shore two leagues off into the sea so full of yce as that no shipping could by any meanes come neere the same. The lothsome view of the shore, and vilanous noise of the yce was such, as that it bred strange conceits among us, so that we supposed the place to be wast and voyd of any sensible or vegitable creatures, whereupon I called the same Desolation: so coasting this shore toward the South in the latitude of sixtie

degrees, I found it to trend toward the west, I still followed the leading thereof in the same height, and after fifty or sixtie leagues it fayled and lay directly North, which I still followed, and in thirtie leagues sayling upon the West side of this coast by me named Desolation, we were past all the yce and found many greene & pleasant Isles bordering upon the shore, but the hils of the maine were still covered with great quantities of snow, I brought my ship among those Isles and there moored to refresh our selves in our weary travell, in the latitude of sixtie foure degrees or there about." He had gone by the opening of Arsuk Fjord, which is the door to the then undiscovered kryolith deposit at Ivigtut. Then he went west-northwest, "thinking thereby to passe for China," and in latitude 66° "fell with another shore, and there found another passage of twenty leagues broad directly West into the same, which we supposed to be our hoped straight." But after thirty or forty leagues, he turned back, because it was so late in the year, and in "a sharpe fret of Westerly winds" returned to England.

In the second year (1586) after one of his ships, the *Mermaid* of Dartmouth, turned back, he went on "in one small barke of 30 Tunnes," returned to the "straight" he had entered in 1585,

but turned back because of the lateness of the year when he arrived (September 7). On the third voyage of 1587, he tells us that he laid his course " in the free and open sea betweene North and Northwest to the latitude of 67 degrees, and there I might see America West from me, and Groenland, which I called Desolation, East: then when I saw the land of both sides I began to distrust it would proove but a gulfe; notwithstanding desirous to know the full certainty I proceeded, and in 68 degrees the passage enlarged, so that I could not see the Westerne shore: thus I continued to the latitude of 73 degrees, in a great sea, free from yce, coasting the Westerne shore of Desolation: the people came continually rowing out unto me in their Canoas, twenty, forty and one hundred at a time, and would give me fishes dryed, Salmon, Salmon peale, Cod, Caplin, Lumpe, Stonebase and such like, besides divers kinds of birds, as Partrige, Fesant, Guls, Seabirds and other kinds of flesh: I still laboured by signes to know from them what they knew of any sea toward the North, they still made signs of a great sea as we understood them, then I departed from that coast, thinking to discover the North parts of America: & after I had sailed toward the West 40 leagues, I fel upon a great banke of yce: the winde be-

ing north and blew much, I was constrained to coast the same toward the South, not seeing any shore West from me, neither was there any yce toward the North, but a great sea, free, large very salt and blew, & of an unsearchable depth. So coasting toward the South I came to the place where I left the ships to fish but found them not. Then being forsaken & left in this distresse referring myself to the mercifull providence of God, I shaped my course for England & unhoped for of any, God alone releeving me, I arrived at Dartmouth. By this last discovery it seemed most manifest that the passage was free and without impediment toward the North: but by reason of the Spanish fleet & unfortunate time of my Secretaries death, the voyage was omitted & never sithens attempted. The cause why I use this particular relation of all my proceedings for this discovery, is to stay this objection, why hath not Davis discovered this passage being thrise that wayes imploied? How far I proceeded & in what form this discovery lieth, doth appeare upon this Globe which M. Sanderson to his very great charge hath published, for the which he deserveth great favor & commendation."

This ancient mariner has been given "sea-

roome" to tell his story, because, simple and straightforward as the narrative is, and wanting in many details that would appear in a modern tale, it is the authentic account of the first traverse of the Strait that is America's broad highway to the Arctic. Our flyers crossed it in a few hours from Ivigtut to Battle Harbor in 1924, and Donald MacMillan in 1925 found it fog-bound and rain-swept as never before in his wide and long experience, when he went across from Hopedale in midsummer to establish his headquarters at Etah. The Strait has not changed since Davis cautiously peered and coasted, crept from one jutting headland to the next, and gave his prows to the rise and fall of white-crested leaden waves amid a pall of mist or rejoiced when his sails puffed outward to a favorable wind on a day of gold and blue with the gulls wheeling and gliding in the wake.

In the three days it took us to make the crossing we had no neighbor on the face of the waters, and there was no friendly salutation, until we came within wireless range of Ivigtut on the afternoon of the second day. During this time the sun never gave us the light of his countenance, and the captain could not take his wonted observations with the sextant. The sea was calm, however, and the first mate took the lead in shift-

ing a coal pile of forty-one tons from the after-deck into the bunkers. That was an operation of difficult and delicate technique. A plank was laid from the top of the pile to the head of the companionway, with one rope hand-rail strung on rods six feet apart to keep the man wheeling the barrow from tumbling into the sea. The rope almost overhung the water, and the weight of an iron barrow laden with coal, plus that of a man's body, would have swept the whole precarious arrangement overboard if one lost his footing. From the pile two grimy stokers, and a supercargo looking for exercise, threw the coal up to the barrow with shovels that weighed enough before they held an ounce of coal. If the wind blew, much of the bituminous dust came back into your face, and stuck because it was wet with the flying spume. The practiced hands of the young Norwegians could throw the coal twice as fast and as far as the tyro American. But the heavy end of the job was not with the shovel, but with the barrow. It took all you had to stagger up the sloping plank, rocking uncertainly with the gentle heaving of the sea: and with each painful, staggering step you imagined how cold the sea would be if you fell in; you wondered how soon they could stop the ship and come to find you, and you thought of the demonstrable

value of an iron barrow, when there are but two on board. But the first mate says that with their wooden barrows at the mine the men can bring a ton at a time across the gangplank to the ship: a slight exaggeration, becoming to his own modesty as he takes up the handles and resumes his Sisyphean labors.

On Thursday, August 27, at one o'clock, we were supposed to be " on land " according to the reckoning, but we were still indeterminately far out at sea. The fog and cloud involving the distant mountain-peaks of Greenland in general, and Arsuk Fjord in particular, resolutely would not lift and resolve the mystery. They seemed to take a sentient delight in playing all the tricks upon the eye that a mirage can play. Again and again as you swept the horizon with the glass you told yourself, " This surely must be land," and were deceived. At two o'clock two bergs appeared, forerunners of a strange, fantastic company of sphinxes, angels, turrets, pinnacles and pleasure-domes of white magic shading imperceptibly to the green of flawless emeralds, till there were so many one lost count of them in contemplation of their arches, arabesques and convolutions, through which the sea-waves poured and dashed and rippled, leaping upon them incessantly, wearing them down till they should

vanish in water of a milder temperature. Hither the current brings them round the southern end of Greenland, past Cape Farewell and Cape Desolation, and then the cold stream within the sea goes on, till a hundred miles or so north of Frederickshaab it sweeps off toward the west to cross the Strait and come south again along the coast of Labrador. Meanwhile many of the bergs are stranded alongshore at innumerable coves and fjords and inlets, the field-ice, dreaded by steel steamers, playing about between the bergs, like Titan broods of white chickens with the mother hens.

At nine minutes to three, the captain exclaims: "I can see the sun on the land now." But even his wise eyes are befooled, he admits a moment later. There is something like a glimmer of the sun to westward and he rushes for his sextant, nursing it tenderly under his arm to the top of the wheel-house, there to get his compass-bearings, though not a complete set of observations for position. Still that grim veil of brown and gray refuses to lift: intuitively you can feel the land hiding behind and under it, like a city sensed beneath a haze before it is seen from afar.

There comes a salutation from the wireless of Ivigtut—sending again and again the letter V for us to tune to. Then it is the letters O G H for

the Danish light cruiser *Islalt* patrolling up and down the coast to keep the vessels of all other nations (the motor-boats of Norwegian fishermen especially) at the decreed limit of three miles from the shore. We proceed proudly aware of our official permit, under the sanction granted by the Government to the company that mines the kryolith. Ivigtut sends out her signal on 1,500 meters: the warship answers on 600, our own wave-length, so we do not hear the reply. Then Ivigtut hails us again, and—now that we are tuned for it—we answer. Ivigtut courteously explains that the ethereal conversation with the cruiser keeps it very busy, and asks us to refrain a while. We assent. "Mange tak (many thanks)," is the reply. "Paa gjensyn (see you again)."

Finally land—if such beetling rocks can be called land—is sighted at six o'clock in the evening—dim but unmistakable. It is the peninsula of Nunnarsuit, looming camel-backed through the foggy cloud, half a mile high and about fifteen miles away. The outline of the three peaks is shown on page 116.

It was as though two enormous camel-humps were in the foreground with a pyramid or a huge tent-peak to the left and at the rear. The loftiest summit, Kittilanat, has an altitude of about 2,400

feet. Great bergs passed in majestic, angelic processional against a clear red sunset, and by seven o'clock innumerable pans of ice were bobbing about us. We could not make Arsuk Fjord before dark, and the wiser plan was to head for the open sea in order to avoid the field-ice that might penetrate our plates, and wait for

morning-light to run the gauntlet to our anchorage. So we slowed down to half speed, which means about four miles an hour, and wore the night away in slow progress to the north, with the occasional jarring thump of a pan of ice against our sides as a reminder.

Though the captain had been unable to get his noon observations for three days, he had come to the coast only forty miles south of the point intended—a masterful piece of navigation in the circumstances. And he was not taking any chances with his ship. Our plates, seven-eighths of an inch thick, could be punctured by hard ice

as surely as by a point of rock. That is why such ships as the Arctic explorers use are not of steel, but of oak, usually sheathed with zinc or galvanized iron at the prow. Our ship is as large as any that comes to Ivigtut. It draws twelve feet in ballast, and eighteen when loaded. A larger vessel could not dodge the ice or maneuver in a narrow channel with sufficient flexibility.

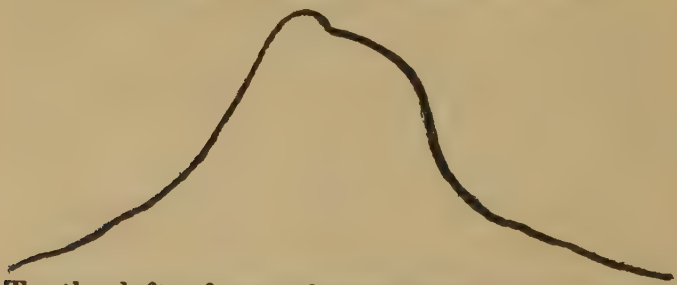
No friendly beam of a lighthouse winked and flashed from the shore, as when we were passing through the Gulf of St. Lawrence. There is no lighthouse, beacon or buoy anywhere along Greenland's coastline, which circumscribes an area more than a quarter that of the mainland of the United States.

But if we had no lighthouse, we still had the familiar constellations and the luminous splendor of the aurora borealis, amid whose soft green suffusions and diffusions even the brighter stars paled their ineffectual fires. It might have been the reflex in the sky of an enchanted, undiscovered realm: the Great White Way of no worldly metropolis could give to the heavens any light so pure.

When the day came at three and we headed for the shore, it seemed as though we must be landing amid the mountains of the moon. In the pictures of old voyages in Arctic regions I

had often noted peaks that stood up—as it seemed—a deal too sharply, and I had supposed that the artist drew on his imagination for these grotesque serrations and pinnacles. But here they were before me. Directly ahead lay Storö (a Danish word meaning Big Island), three Gibraltars in one, rising to a height of 2,953 feet. Its outline was like this:

As a stepping-stone to Storö was a small edition of the Matterhorn upthrust from the deep:



To the left of our channel was a rocky islet,

called Umanak, and probably almost 2,000 feet high. Any sharp needle is called Umanak: there is one at each side of the entrance to this fjord.

These were but the nearer peaks of an archipelago of mountain-islands offshore. Behind them were gaunt, barren, black and brown headlands crowding down to the sea like elephants coming to drink. But such a comparison belittles their majesty. They looked like the oldest mountains in the world—the framework of the sphere itself surviving antediluvian fires when all but the igneous rock itself was burned away. Of course it is known that Greenland once had tropic heat. Fossil plants in the cretaceous formation of the west coast show many species of ferns, conifers, magnolias, poplars, oaks and other trees—the richest deposit of the sort in the world.

But such luxuriant vegetation is unimaginable now. The early voyagers shuddered at the hideous desolation they beheld, and called it "Satanic." Here, they thought, was the true demesne of Pluto, save for the biting cold and the wind that chilled them to the marrow of their bones. No wonder sailors were unruly and only stout-hearted captains held to their purpose to find that Northwest Passage to the silks and pearls and spices of Cathay.

Over the whole assemblage of lesser peaks that walled the fjord and buttressed the vast ice-sheet that covers inner Greenland loomed the mighty Kugnat (Koo-nat), to the left of Arsuk Fjord which we were now entering, with the tiny native village of Arsuk, divided by a stream, in one of its shoreward valleys. The peak, about 4,500 feet high, might seem an elevation to smile at from the depths of an easy-chair at home. But here, it must be borne in mind, the mountain springs out of the sea—and Davis Strait at its deepest goes down to 13,000 feet. This is a stark crest of hidden, unfathomable ranges. You shall not see a tree upon it anywhere—only a glacier streaming to the westward from its central pinnacles, flashing in the sun, as the gray-brown duffle of the enveloping clouds is rifted and closes again ceaselessly about the mighty shoulders. In a

safe harbor under the eastern wall our world-fliers and their planes, with the cruiser *Milwaukee,* and a destroyer, found their refuge in 1924. Then some of the officers of the warship tried to scale the mountain, but found its cliffs below the summit too much for them. One of the Danish engineers at Ivigtut has been within fifteen feet of the top: but he had no rope, and that small glassy face of ice-clad stone between the will and the deed defeated him.

The Eskimo tell a tale of the laughter of Kugnat. They say that Disco Island once lay off Cape Farewell. The Eskimo got seal belts and tried to tow it. A witch said " Take a hair of a new-born child." They got such a hair, tied it to a cliff, and towed the island with their kayaks. When they passed Ivigtut they heard loud and scornful laughter from the gray skies overhead. It was Kugnat the mountain who laughed, because he saw that he was still so much higher, and was therefore supreme in southern Greenland.

Through jade-green water, mirroring the mountain-walls and snow with scarcely a ripple, we pushed on up the fjord, and at a point called the Kasak there seemed no thoroughfare even for a water-fowl—apparently the fjord ended here. But as we steadily pounded ahead the needle's

eye opened for us, just where an Eskimo hunting-hovel flattened to the left bank like an old crushed hat, scarcely distinguishable from the lichened rocks about it. Our ship, whose beam was thirty-eight feet, slid through the narrows easily—but when we came away from Ivigtut five days later with our heavy cargo of kryolith we took the longer way and the deeper channel to the east and south of Arsuk Island which, 2,986 feet in height, divides the two thoroughfares.

For the first time since leaving the coast of Labrador, three and a half days and 600 miles before, the *Bauta* lifted up her voice in the hoarse reverberation of the whistle. Kugnat mountain and Arsuk Island made a shuttlecock of the echoes with Gunbarrel Hill above Ivigtut. Rounding a dragon's spine of brown and rugged rock, we came upon that wonderful little settlement of the Danes whose mining industry pays the bill for the greater part of the upkeep of Greenland.

We saw a huge amphitheater of hills rising 2,000 feet against the clear blue, their jagged crests snow-flecked, their lower slopes green with moss, long grass and the squatting, wind-flattened bushes of the alders and dwarf willow. At the bottom of this great bowl, within a hundred yards of the sea, is the pit of the kryolith mine,

about 200 feet deep and 1,000 feet across, its major axis parallel to the shore. But the word "shore" is something of a misnomer, for there is no beach: here as almost everywhere else in Arsuk Fjord the rock descends sheer into deep water with only the slimy seaweed able to cling to it. For several hundred feet a sea-wall has been built of kryolith blocks, and, with a wrecked ship for a nucleus, a breakwater has been added to the sea-wall at the western end to form a little inner harbor for the motor-boats.

At the eastern end of this wall a new quay is in process of construction, with stones brought all the way from Sweden, since it was actually less costly and troublesome than to quarry the material in Greenland. But when one contemplates the characteristic Greenland landscape, carrying stones hither seems a process far exceeding in futility that of transporting the proverbial coals to Newcastle.

Round the open mine-pit cluster the stacks and shacks of the settlement, some thirty buildings, with little attempt at formal alignment along roadways. Two red wireless masts stand on the ridge behind the hamlet, and between the mine and the pier they are putting up a brave three-story building of brick to house new Diesel engines. The kryolith boats lie one at a time along-

side the pier, their hatches reached by four long gangways across which a procession of wheelbarrows is trundled, from six in the morning till nine at night, with four intermissions for mealtimes, till the hold is filled, a matter of perhaps five working-days, if there is no delay such as the best-laid plans cannot always prevent.

The first to greet us was a dachshund, the only dog in the place, who came trotting out on the pier and nearly wagged his tail from his small body in his excitement.

" He think there is a little lady dog on board," explained Mr. Korb, the assistant superintendent, a Laplander, who came out in a small boat while we were slowly working our way to our anchorage in a depth of 120 feet.

He told us that there are now 130 miners and fifteen engineers at Ivigtut, with four women and two babies. His wife had cried out when she heard the *Bauta's* whistle: " O! now I shall have my apples!" What they craved above all was fresh fruit, and Captain Wilhelmsen had done well to bring a generous supply. The two or three vessels coming from Denmark earlier in the summer, though hailing from a rich farming country, had brought none at all.

Tranquilly leaning over our rail with clasped hands, Mr. Korb gave us the news. The wire-

Ivigtut

less had brought word that MacMillan, giving over in this season his attempt to find new land from the air, would come to Ivigtut in mid-September for forty tons of coal. Nothing had been heard of William Nutting and his comrades who started from Julianehaab, September 8, 1924, to cross Davis Strait in a small sailing vessel, the *Leif Ericsson.* Ivigtut would like to thank Davenport, Iowa, for concerts last winter, of which the Greenlanders heard every word. They were especially grateful for a Swedish program, and were hopeful that a similar program might be heard at Christmas time this year.

"In summer," he added, "we do not hear America on the radio, and we cannot send at any time. But soon we shall broadcast too; we are about to install the necessary apparatus. We use the Morse code with the wireless to communicate with ships. In the winter we hear well, from everywhere. On Sundays at five we get an evening service from one of the London churches timed three hours later.

"Last winter we staged a revue in the men's social hall. The first act was Copenhagen. The second act was seasickness of the workmen on the way here. The third act was here—kryolith. No work, only singing. Each time it was proposed to work someone would say: 'But first we

shall have a song.' The fourth act was Ivigtut after 100 years, with skyscrapers.

"When your American cruiser the *Milwaukee* was here a year ago, Captain Pinney was so kind to all our men. He invited them all aboard his ship and showed them motion-pictures. We were so sorry that we could not ask his crew ashore. You see, there were 450 of them, and less than 150 of us, and if the sailors were entertained with what we have to drink here they could not be controlled.—So, now we come ashore!"

V

IVIGTUT

V

IVIGTUT

On the wharf was some of the kryolith we had come to get, piled like lumps of sugar, white and yellow. If you picked up a lump, you might find in it the delusive sheen and glimmer of the metals so often taken for gold by the Elizabethan voyagers and those who followed in their wake. One captain thought he was carrying a shipload of gold ore to Copenhagen, and only discovered that it was iron when he came into the harbor, where his cargo was thrown overboard. The lead, too, sparkles in the sun with the prospect of great riches, and some of our crew, seeing it for the first time, thought their fortunes were made. The German coal-passer from Bremerhaven thought his shipmates were fools not to load their bunks with it.

Since the great, unavoidable fact at Ivigtut, the whole excuse for being and the big business of the working day is the mine, and since one comes ashore and departs at the very brink of the mine-pit, obviously the first thing to do, and the last, is to explore the excavation.

There is a fence all the way round, and that means almost half a mile. Peering over the fence into the abyss, you see ladders hanging over the banks of the opposite wall. There is a lift, with two cars constantly ascending and descending, but this is only for that luxurious passenger, the kryolith. The ladders that you see are for the workmen. You look more closely and you discover with something like a thrill of horror that these ladders only reach down part way into the pit, and there is a sheer drop of 150 feet or so beneath them where they tail off into space. Between them are hanging ropes that swing loose and may be seized to go lower still. The workmen nonchalantly descend these ladders, grab the ropes, and pirouette off to the right and left after looping the ropes about their waists, while like the sea-birds they stand on what seems to be nothing at all.

Those who work on the face of the wall, mere lichen-like specks against the rock, are the six drillers: and there are two other men whose business it is to climb all over each rock-face periodically for an inspection. The maneuvers of men looking for eggs amid the beetling crags of a bird-nursery seem comparatively easy. For they have ledges to stand upon. Here the man on the line may dangle foot-loose, till with a crowbar

weighing perhaps fourteen pounds he has excavated a toe-hold. Then with a compressed air drill weighing at least thirty pounds he must bore into the rock directly before his face, raising a cloud of white dust, and thinking nothing of the distance overhead or underfoot, or of the dizziness.

It is the hardest work that I have seen men do, and it goes on summer and winter, six hours a day. (This applies to the drillers alone—the rest work about eleven.) In summer, the face of the rock becomes almost as hot as a furnace door, and clouds of mosquitoes make it necessary to wear head-nets. Yet the drillers seem cheerful and content. They must, in fact, be cautioned against reckless abandon. Even before a man has looped the rope about his waist, he will seize it in one hand and in blood-curdling fashion will proceed to reconnoitre for the best place to drive the crowbar or insert the drill that shall bring down presently a crashing avalanche of kryolith to be shoveled up by the workmen on the floor of the pit, and put on the little hand-cars to be pushed to the elevator-foot. They blast just before meal-times, and when the ship is not in there is blasting by night as well. These blasts sound twice—first there is the subterranean roar, then there is another sound in the open air.

When the ship is in, night-blasting ceases, for about forty-five men are needed to put the kryolith aboard.

To and fro against the rock the drillers "veer and haul," as mariners would say, seeming to take a real pleasure in the exercise. For they often swing outward or from side to side much further than is necessary. A mountain goat would despair of the precarious footing that they find secure enough as they stand there looping themselves that they may have both hands free to plunge the crowbar into the living rock as an Eskimo harpoons a whale.

It seems to take a special breed of men. Every one of these fellows has served in the Danish army, and each is not more than twenty-eight at the time of his appointment. Each year seventy-five men are chosen from a horde of applicants which in 1924 numbered 4,000. For the positions, which pay as high as 10,000 crowns, less than $2,500 a year, are by far the best paid in the mining-industry of Denmark. The dozen young engineers who oversee the effort of the miners and operate the machinery are the enviable men of their profession, in the eyes of their confrères in Copenhagen. Such work as this can only be carried on by those who fear nothing and are equal to anything that can happen in a place

THE MINE-PIT
(Light areas are Kryolith, dark band is Gneiss)

where men must be utterly self-reliant or go under.

But even these miners are not super-men: and sometimes they climb up over the rim of the pit at eventide white and shaky, and come to the superintendent, Neils Jagd, and tell him that something happened that took their nerve, and they will never go down again. Recently a driller fell sixty feet and wore his hands to the bone when he grasped a steel cable, then another rope, and finally broke his fall on a snow-slope. The cemetery on the hillside, with its graves all built above the surface for want of soil, holds the bodies of a number who have fallen. If they drink too much of the beer and ale liberally furnished, or the ardent spirits ("aqua vit" and others) sparsely provided, they are first fined, and then put aboard the next boat for Denmark. As long as a man produces, he may stay: when he ceases to produce, he goes: that is the simple but inflexible rule.

One of these men, on a wager, climbed the slender steel cable of the lift hand-over-hand for its full length of more than two hundred feet from the bottom of the pit to the platform. The amount he got for the feat was ten crowns, about $2.50. Another bet that he could take a wheelbarrow to the top of Gunbarrel Hill, thirteen

hundred feet above the fjord, and back in four hours. It is a stiff climb for a man unencumbered, and the distance, aside from the mossy slopes and stony talus that must be scaled, is about four miles. It was stipulated that whatever happened to him, he must bring back the barrow unhurt. He did it in two hours and a half. Another workman climbed to the top of the seaward ridge of the hill where the beacons are, with his sledge-hammer over his shoulder, in twenty minutes. You must have been on the spot, and seen the places where these things were done, to appreciate the hardihood and the hazard the feats involved. As if there were not risk enough, and hard work enough, in the habitual, appointed stint of every day! But the joy of life is not extinguished by the toil.

In former years an attempt was made to enlist as laborers the acclimated Eskimo, or Greenlanders as they are called here by the Danes. But the natives, unaccustomed to continuous land-labor, could not maintain the pace. They were given a stimulating ration of "aqua vit." But it was not enough to produce the intoxicating effect so dear to aborigines in every land. So the Eskimo when their portions were served held the fiery liquor in their mouths and went down to one of their number who stood in his turn at

the end of the line and received the entire quantity and got gloriously drunk as a result.

The company had to stop that. So they made each man say "Thank-you" immediately after swallowing his quota. To say thank-you in Eskimo is to make a noise resembling an exhaust-pipe in a bath-tub, and it cannot be made when one's pharynx is flooded with fire-water. So they swallowed the liquor, made their glug-glug of acknowledgment, and the cup that cheered no longer inebriated. But to-day there are no Eskimo in the mine, and nowhere in Greenland are ardent spirits put in the hands and mouths of the natives by the Danes.

There was a popular superintendent named Mordensen who in a fit of the blues ended his life with a gun and was laid to rest beneath a gleaming granite headstone brought from Denmark. No minister was near at the time of sepulture. As is the custom when a minister cannot be had to conduct a burial service, a tube was placed vertically amid the rocks on top of the grave, through which, as soon as the clergyman came, he would sift a little earth through his fingers while reciting the solemn formula of sanctified interment. The workmen thought they saw a way to pay tribute to the dead superintendent. So they gathered about the grave, and as

they emptied their bottles of whiskey they poured a little through the tube, saying " Now the good Mordensen, as in his lifetime, shall share with us all that we have. We have no flowers—and therefore in this way we honor his memory." This they did many times on moonlit evenings, until the itinerant pastor came and the grave at last was closed against further libations.

When the men are at work on the rock-face it is the rule that they are not to call down to one another. For if at the sudden summons the man below throws his head back to look up he may lose his footing. The way to signal is to juggle the rope, as if it were deep-sea diving. There are deep-sea divers in this versatile company. When a Diesel engine broke through a gangway as it was being taken ashore from one of the ships in thirty feet of water, two men went down in diving-suits to the rescue.

Forty years ago, in a hard winter, fifteen of the little company died of scurvy. The manager did not know anything about that dreaded Arctic malady, and he thought the men were malingerers who remained in their bunks because they hated work. So he kicked and cuffed them and drove them to labor as long as they could stand. More would have died but for the brave fidelity of an Eskimo woman, who was known as Gamle Marie.

She fished through the ice of the fjord for them, and dug under the snow till she discovered an anti-scorbutic plant known to the Eskimo (cochlearia). Her grave, near that of the beloved Mordensen, is a place of pilgrimage to the Eskimo, who wonder at the polished stone from Copenhagen which with its inscription is like nothing else that they have seen.

Subsistence for the men averages ten crowns (nearly $2.50) a day. They are given the best of food and drink, but life for them might be "monotone," as one of them expressed it, were it not for their clubs of Scandinavian conviviality, and the elaborate program of diversions carefully built up and maintained by Superintendent Jagd for their morale. The sun does not come above the hills at Ivigtut between November 15 and January 26. But the men, if they are homesick for the sight of it, can climb in two hours to the edge of the broken bowl of the encircling mountain ranges to behold it. When it finally comes back they hold an elaborate "sun-fête" of rejoicing, reverting to the primitive, like peasants of Russia giving welcome to the spring.

Three years ago the potato supply was frozen, which meant a serious shortage indeed—and the gift of three potatoes at Christmas time to each workman was greatly appreciated. Now the

precious tubers are kept in a bin beside a furnace whose thermometer is carefully watched. Another winter there were so few matches that it was necessary to cut in half the ones they had, which made it a delicate operation to light them. Formerly in winter sea-water was admitted to the mine so that when it froze men might work at the higher levels without using ladders. But as the depth increased this plan became impracticable. In 1879, just as a new superintendent took hold, 1,000 tons of the mine-wall came crashing down into the pit, forcing the water up through the shaft. There have been twenty-eight feet of rain in the mine in thirty-six hours, and frequently the pumps are hard-driven to expel the water that finds its way in by devious subterranean passages from the fjord.

The ordinary route of descent and ascent in the mine is along a cleated plank walk, twenty-two and a half inches wide (the extra half-inch is important) laid in a zigzag down the wall beside the kryolith elevator. It comes out on a broad shelf half-way down whence one may survey the workmen loading the cars with their twelve-tined pitchfork shovels, or the drillers crawling about on the rock-wall. There is a hand-rail at one side where the walk is against the rock, and a double rail where it goes out into

the open, and after several transits on the broad, worn cleats one dismisses any sense of insecurity. At the bottom of the mine, on the side toward the sea, are several hundred feet of galleries, also traversed by the small narrow gauge railway-tracks for the hand-cars, and it is on the extent of these workings that the future life of the mine, which is sometimes estimated at fifteen years, in large part depends.

The Danes issue at Copenhagen a wonderful series of volumes known as the "Meddelelser" ("Communications"), dealing with every phase of Greenland. In the 63rd of these volumes, which appeared in 1923, is a very full account, in English, of the kryolith industry. In days of old, the Eskimo knew the white "ice-stone" by the name of "orksuksiksalt," or "seal-fat," and used it to peg down their tents or to weight fish-nets. During the eighteenth century it became an article of coastwise trade among the natives. The use of powdered kryolith as an adulterant for snuff came after the arrival of the whites. Danish missionaries sent some of the fish-net weights as souvenirs to their friends at home. The first mineralogist to study the deposit at Ivigtut was Charles Giesecke, the Russian, who cruised along the coast between 1806 and 1814 under a commission from the Danish gov-

ernment. He might not have remained so long, had he not been compelled to wait seven years for a boat to take him away. Samuel G. Gordon, mineralogist of the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, in 1923, was more fortunate. When he had completed his investigations he needed to wait but seven weeks. For to-day, two or three trips a year are made from Philadelphia, and several from Denmark, by "tramp" steamships which carry no passengers, since the Danish government does not permit outsiders or Danes to land anywhere in Greenland save under exceptional circumstances.

Mr. Gordon records the occurrence of copper at the Josvas mine, twenty-two miles south of Ivigtut, and the Frederick VII mine, five miles east of Julianehaab, the veins in granitic gneiss were small and soon outworked. Masses of native iron are found on Disco Island. Traces of gold have been discovered. Graphite is of wide distribution and at Amitsok, forty-five miles southeast of Julianehaab, is a small graphite mine.

Coal, mostly lignite, is found on Disco Island and elsewhere, in seams from a minimum of a foot and a half to a maximum of eleven feet in thickness. The coal mine at Kaersuarsuk is subbituminous. The small quantity yielded by this mine is all consumed in Greenland.

In 1854-55 an English engineer, J. W. Taylor, began mining at Ivigtut. Across the broad channel from Arsuk Island, and divided by the Gun-Barrel ridge from Ivigtut, is Taylor's Harbor, too shallow for motor-boats, and wholly untenanted, remarkable to-day merely for faint traces of the occupation of Norsemen some nine hundred years ago. With Taylor's activities began the exploitation of the mineral, and since 1857 an important output from the mine has been maintained. The precise location is 61° 12′ 7″ North Latitude, 48° 10′ 25″ West Longitude, and it is about thirteen miles inland on the south side of Arsuk Fjord. In 1865 the Danish mining company entered into a contract with the Pennsylvania Salt Company whereby the latter was to receive two-thirds of the output, and the former one-third. Those proportions are to-day reversed. But in 1920, 5,024 tons came to the United States and 8,904 went to Denmark. Kryolith enters the United States duty free, and is used as a solvent with bauxite in the production of aluminum. To-day an increasingly important use of kryolith is in the porcelain and enamel industries. The Hot-Cast Porcelain Company of Philadelphia began as long ago as 1867 to make an opalescent glass of powdered kryolith with sand or quartz and zinc oxide.

It must have been an inspiring sight to see the full-rigged barks of yester-year come into the fjord to get their cargoes. There have been as many as ten at a time awaiting the lading. As it was a case of first come, first served, the skippers vied with one another to get through the narrows. In sixty years, twenty-five ships have been lost at sea. The kryolith fleet in many cases bore the names of chemicals, and John Masefield could make a poem of them. In the catalogue of ships we find such titles as *Iodine, Silica, Fluorine, Kryolith, Sodium, Silicon, Platina, Calcium, Alkaline, Thallium, Natrium, Aluminia.* In 1860 the American Schaffner came hither with the Fox expedition, about which Theodore Zeilau wrote a book in Danish that gives the earliest known picture of "Ivigtok," with two houses, three piers and a small ship in the offing. The picture represents the appearance of the place at the time when the kryolith mining began. Schaffner's purpose in coming here was to study "the lay of the land" with reference to the possibility of constructing a transatlantic cable by way of Iceland and Greenland.

There is in residence at Ivigtut a Danish controller, Aage Essemann by name, one of whose most important duties is to check off the amount

of the kryolith output as the ships take it away, that the amount of the royalties accruing to the Danish Government may be determined. Denmark is not in the business of administering Greenland as a money-making venture. The kryolith mining is the sole industry that brings in any considerable revenue, and the money that comes from it is turned back for the benefit of the Greenlanders. Within recent years the deficit to be defrayed by the Danish Exchequer has been as much as $30,000 a year. It must be borne in mind that in the entire island there are only about 14,000 inhabitants, and that nearly nine-tenths of it is covered by an ice-sheet. The "right" whale has almost vanished from the coast, the reindeer are few in number, and it means long and sometimes desperate hunting to replenish the larder by the pursuit of these animals. Eider-ducks are increasingly scarce, and on the seal, the fox and the codfish the islanders place their chief dependence. If for feathers and furs the prices paid by the Danish Government to the Greenlanders seem low, the expense of Denmark's benevolent paternalism must be borne in mind, and if the Danes had not followed the course they have taken in Greenland the natives —docile, susceptible, pliant and gentle as they are—would have been all but obliterated by the

drinks and diseases that white men without remorse or conscience introduced. The Danes in their management of Greenland are paying a debt that civilization owes to the islanders, and doing all that is humanly possible to atone for the long, sad chapter of degradation and disgrace that is one of the least creditable in all the tragic history of the dealings of white men with aboriginal peoples.

Mr. Essemann, the Controller, is a man of charming personality, scholarly instinct and seriousness of purpose, with a clear vision of his duty and a genuine enthusiasm for the preservation of the traditions of the amazing island. I owe to his generous and hospitable disposition some of the happiest experiences of my sojourn at Ivigtut. His wife, who was Miss Olga Madsen of Copenhagen, shares his determination to maintain in what might seem a distant, desolate place an ideal Danish home. Their baby daughter, less than a year old, a beautiful child, was one of the two infants of the settlement, the other being the little boy in the household of Dr. and Mrs. Rasmussen.

In the dooryard of the Controller's home was a garden with pansies and daisies and various kinds of hardy vegetables, sheltered from the high winds by burlap nailed inside the pickets of

the fence. Here grew lettuce, carrots, radishes, rhubarb, parsley, spinach and other precious greenery. The Controller reminded me that of 345 sorts of flowers in Greenland, ninety are known in Ivigtut. The island has 600 kinds of mosses, and 700 sorts of sponges.

In the midst of the garden was a pedestal, surmounted by a piece of kryolith bestudded with other minerals, and beside the pedestal on the white-gravelled path was a bench, which would have been inviting when mosquitoes and gnats permitted. The sunny glassed enclosure of the porch was filled with many vines and plants from the cactus to the delicate white Star of Bethlehem, imported from Denmark. Within was the solid comfort and dignity of dark-stained tables and settles, heavily upholstered chairs and ornamental, polished stoves composing such an interior as one would find in the best-ordered homes of the Danish capital. On one wall was a collection of most interesting pictures of Danish homes and customs in bygone days,—councils of grave and reverend seniors in which an old man spoke with his hand on a dog's head,—portraits of valiant men and true who fought a good fight and kept the faith,—soldiers and sailors and prelates of old, who laid the foundations of a state, building better than they knew.

To come from the gray seas and the ancient rocks into the ordered tranquillity of such a home, and to find a piano there, and hear Beethoven's Seventh Symphony and Bach's Third Brandenburg Concerto on the victrola was indeed an agreeable surprise. And it was humanizing to get down on all fours and play with the baby and her Teddy bear, just as one would do "back home," two thousand miles away, in America. But it was upsetting to preconceived notions of an igloo built of ice and lit with seal-blubber, such as a Greenland home is often assumed to be.

The master-builder of Ivigtut is the superintendent of the mine, Niels Jagd. A man forty-two years of age, of stalwart build and ruddy countenance, and a quick sense of humor, often finding vent in resonant laughter, thoroughly alive and very much in love with life, he has a strong hold on the personal loyalty of his engineers and workmen, keeping an even balance between good nature and instant, firm decision. He has very much at heart the matter of maintaining the morale of his workmen—an important consideration in a place that must be sufficient unto itself through ice-bound winters and must bring in from Denmark or Philadelphia everything that in a southern region is taken for granted, from a paper of pins to a Diesel engine.

With his little dachshund trotting at his heels, Mr. Jagd, bareheaded and bespectacled, always immaculately arrayed—usually in blue serge with white tennis shoes—is all over the place the clock round and the year through. He leads an amphibious life: since there are no roads or paths outside the settlement he must use his cabined motor-boat to visit any other part of the fjord. His own comfortable wooden house contains his office, a big living-room where he takes his meals, and a bedroom: and the door is never locked. On occasion intoxicated workmen have invaded his bedroom at midnight with complaints or requests, but they have heard from him in no uncertain tones of displeasure when morning light brought sober reason and the dread reckoning.

In his office are standard volumes of reference solidly bound, and piles of engineering periodicals in several languages. The living-room contains a player-piano, and the shelves are filled with books and native curios. For Mr. Jagd, as much as the pressure of the long hours will permit of it, is a student of the history and customs of the people of Greenland, and has the chronicle of the kryolith mining at his finger-tips.

The little dog is all the family he has. This is the only dog in Ivigtut. "Muk" (pronounced

Mook) gets his name from Mowgli in Kipling's Jungle Books, his master is gleefully ready to explain. He lives in the mild and magnificent eye of the Superintendent and follows him everywhere, though his thin skin never was meant for the insidious cold wind of Greenland, and he shivers and complains of it as often as he wags his tail, which is very often indeed. "Muk" to suit his variant moods and errant habits has a bed of eider-down pillows under the piano, a big round duffle basket by the stove, another cushioned basket under his master's bed, and a sheepskin sleeping-bag for water-travel: he is indeed a pampered beast, but he is an obedient little creature, and when his master says "Farvel" he trots homeward submissively to the soft-spoken and efficient Eskimo who tends the house, to wait with cocked ears at a window for his master's face and voice.

In front of the house is a pocket-handkerchief of a lawn of bright green grass with two beds of pansies and a tall staff for the Danish flag on such festal days as those of a ship's arrival. Mr. Jagd has a lawn-mower, which is also used for the minute strip of verdure in front of the engineers' mess-hall, and on his office table is a little green booklet with the imprint of the Sears, Roebuck Company, bearing the title "Get the

Best Results from your Lawn Mower." It is probably the only machine of the sort in Greenland.

He took me on the grand tour of his industrial citadel. The part where he lives is called " aft," borrowing the nomenclature from a ship's deck. On the other side of the mine where the workmen live it is " the Village." In the two or three acres of the residential suburbs of " Aft " there is almost everything except a tree. At the crest of the slope there is a tennis court, made of kryolith, crumbled and rolled, patted and pounded with infinite labor by the superintendent himself, with a cloud of mosquitoes round his head-net as he toiled. The result is a court good enough for Davis Cup contests. To be sure, at the present time there are no lines: the drenching rains wash them away almost diurnally. Mr. Jagd explained that the engineers had been so busy this summer that they have had little time to play. But with a working day beginning at six and lasting until nine, the broad daylight after that hour in June and July permitted an occasional spirited contest.

Above the court is a tea-house, with colored electric lights along its eaves and gables, turned on to make a brave showing whenever there is a birthday party. At such times the engineers

blossom out in evening dress. Ordinarily they wear the loose-fitting blue blouse or smock with a half-hood lying on the shoulders, known to the native Greenlanders as the anorak. Except for the shortened tippet and the absence of the tassel, it resembles the garment worn by Norsemen which has been found in ancient Greenland tombs.

Behind the tea-house are the ranges for rifle and revolver-practice, and on the crest of the slope above it is the cemetery, with its graves of lichened stones above the ground, its graveled walks, its high white wooden cross, its polished gray granite stones from Denmark—the most beautifully appointed " God's acre " in the island, and the perpetual wonderment of the natives who come hither to see it. On one of the stones I read " Captain Felix A. S. Laurentius Lofving, mourned by his wife and three small children (sma Barn) in Philadelphia." He was a captain of a kryolith bark, whose rigorous discipline enraged his men, till one of them rose up and slew him.

Close to the cemetery are the two red-painted 125-foot wireless masts. The wireless and radio expert lives near by. His apparatus, he explains, is wholly Danish—the installation of the firm of M. P. Pedersen at Copenhagen. The

radio has a 2-kilowatt continuous wave transmitter and a tube (valve) receiver. At present used as transmitter for the Morse code only, it is planned to have a broadcasting apparatus attached in the near future. In the meantime it has been receiving the world's news from Nauen twice and Louisburg once a day, and obtaining London, Swedish and Danish advices occasionally. On September 1 we heard of the coal strike in Pennsylvania from Nauen. While I was in the operator's room Nauen was conversing with Sayville, New York, and Glace Bay with Christiania. Though in summer the sunlight and the heavy work in the mine prevent, in winter good music comes from Philadelphia, New York and especially (as has been mentioned), from Davenport, Iowa. It is put on the loud speaker and is a source of great enjoyment in the evenings to the engineers.

The operator takes the news—which is mostly in English—and digests it into a mimeographed newspaper of two pages, called the *Ivigtut Press-News,* which is published twice a week in summer, daily in winter, and has a circulation of thirty-five. It is not necessary to make more copies, because it is put up on the bulletin-boards in the mess-rooms. In one of these mess-rooms, arrangements are being made to install a motion-

picture apparatus and keep on hand a supply of the best American films. In the room adjoining the engineers' mess-room there is a billiard-table.

The third of Ivigtut's three pianos, much in need of the services of a tuner, is in the doctor's apartment under the wireless room.

It has taken two or three years of digging and fertilizing to create the vegetable garden below the tea-house. The earth came from a Philadelphia churchyard as ballast for one of the kryolith ships, and some seeds came with it. Cucumbers are raised under glass frames, but out in the open are radishes, carrots, clover, lettuce, and even potatoes. In a sunny corner a rhododendron (taken indoors when winter comes) is doing its best, but, though it looks vigorous enough, it has not yet flowered. The pansies are splendid. "Two pansies were under the snow, full-flung, in the spring," says Mr. Jagd. And they bloom till snow comes again.

One of the most surprising exhibits is the stable in the "Village," with nine sleek, fat, red cows, and fifty-two very lively pink pigs. Since it is a Danish barn, everything is in apple-pie order, and a sign over the door to the pens says in the mother tongue "No Smoking!" Near the barn stands a huge eagle, unfettered on a platform, with a dead gull at his feet. He looks

as fiercely solemn as Mr. Gladstone looked after he had dismembered a political antagonist in the House of Commons. One of the miners had a falcon that could be patted on the head or chucked under the chin with impunity. Waddling up to you from the houses comes "Petersen," the sheep, a great favorite, so tame that she follows you about like a dog, nuzzling your hand occasionally not as a hint that she wants salt or anything else to eat, but simply as a token of pleasure in human society. She loves to play with the miners, butting them from the rear unexpectedly. There are other sheep too, but they keep their distance in the rank green grass along the stream that chuckles past the cow-barn into the fjord.

Surprises abound at every turn in Ivigtut. But the spirit of bold initiative is ever in the air. There is a central steam-heating plant and the buildings are lighted by electricity. Two Ford caterpillar-tractors are under tarpaulins near the engine-house. A little motor-truck is about to be added to the fleet, for an eighth of a mile of new road from the dock to the ridge with the wireless masts. There are twenty-four telephones in excellent working order, and twenty-five more instruments are to be added as soon as the ship brings them from Denmark. A

seismographic recording apparatus is being installed. Mr. Jagd even plans to put up a lighthouse on that sharp, jagged pinnacle, the "umanak," as such a point is called, on Soderö, the outermost island. It would be the first lighthouse in Greenland. But the question is, how would it be kept going? And if such a light fails at any time, the blank is a worse menace to navigation than an unlighted rock, for men take it for granted that they will always see a light on crag or reef at that place if the chart tells them so. It was on this island that the *Eagle* was wrecked in '70, and the *Fox* dragged it hence to be the fundament of the breakwater at Ivigtut.

On the mountains about Ivigtut there are seven or eight shelter-huts for the workmen when they go hunting. The summits are so much alike that, since there are no trails, it is very easy to lose one's way and wander interminably. One of the workmen, clad in the thin Eskimo boots (kamik), in two days had worn his feet to the bones before they found him. But they suffer less from the cold in winter when it is dry and clear than they do in summer, when the damp chill searches and penetrates. In winter, in the clear bright sun that sometimes brings almost oppressive warmth, the young engineers love to

shed their clothes and go out on the fjord upon skiis for two or three hours at a time, wearing nothing but a cartridge-belt. Then they roll over and over in the snow, pummelling each other and roaring with laughter. As one of them said to me of one of his fellows, who attempted on skiis a leap that was too ambitious: " He did fall. He was red with blood. He could not sit or lay sleeping."

They begin to call it cold when it gets down to 20° below zero, centigrade, which is 4 below zero Fahrenheit. Then, when they bring in their clothes it is not necessary to hang them on a hook, for the garments will stand up by themselves, frozen as stiff as a salt cod.

Meal times are as jolly as college reunions. From end to end of the table are the smiling, wind-reddened and sun-beaten faces of these energetic and buoyant youths, the very flower of Denmark's junior technical experts, each man hand-picked from a crowd of eager applicants as carefully as though he were a candidate for West Point or Sandhurst. The man who takes up the life of an engineer in Greenland must have the combination of qualities sought in a Cecil Rhodes scholar. He must have all the training of an Eagle boy scout, plus the ability to manage workmen and keep highly complicated machinery

going in an environment that concedes nothing to any human frailty.

The engineers have coffee when they like between 6 and 9, breakfast at 12:10, dine at 4:40 and sit down to tea at 9. At breakfast and dinner the assistant superintendent, Mr. Korb of Lapland, sits at the head of the table. They all rise together, and as they do so he says "Vel bekomme," which means "Good digestion"—a customary expression at the close of a Scandinavian meal. Each man has at his place a bottle of ale or beer, and when "schnapps" are brought on in the midst of the repast there is likely to be a strenuous and spontaneous outburst of song like the greeting of a glee-club. There is nothing but good-nature and friendliness in every countenance, and hilarity rules. A man may have been fighting all morning with breaking cables, clogged winches, broken drills, and even disgruntled workmen—but he brings nothing of his trouble to the common board: he seems as heart-whole and care-free as a college freshman. Is it any wonder that here at Ivigtut men form tenacious friendships, or that in after years they look back to the northern outpost with a longing which exceeds that of a British trooper for Mandalay? The call of the North, after a man has gone out of it forever to the circumspection and

convention of southern latitudes, can be just as insistent as the voice of the East in his mind's ears.

The table-talk runs perhaps on a fight with a polar-bear near the fjord in winter-tide, when the hunter had only his skii-stick, but drove the animal off by well-directed thrusts in the chest and the cheek. Two whales curveting past the *Bauta* are a reminder of the whale that ran into an anchor-chain while another vessel was loading, and after reddening the water with his blood was stranded by the powder-house. Or you may hear from the messmates how Lange Koch is to cross the ice-cap from Scoresby Sound to Disco in 1926. At the Sound, you learn, there is a new native settlement planted in 1925, with a population of perhaps thirty, near Angmasalik, hitherto the only inhabited place on the east coast, with about 180 residents, including a handful of Danes. You hear of a man who, prospecting for copper, came six miles on skiis over the mountains to get a letter aboard the first steamship to Denmark. That does not seem so much of a distance, till you look at the mountains over which he came. Where the scenery is everywhere upended as in Greenland, map-mileage on white paper is very different from the actuality on snow and ice. Another man has paddled his canoe

through the ice in thirty days from Ivigtut, hauling it out whenever he came to rocks that he could not get round by water. A month to go 100 miles! That shows you what winter travel means, in a region where there are no sleds and no dogs to haul them.

Meanwhile, the table fare is of the best. It may be the luscious ptarmigan, or cod roe, or blood pudding, or a ham omelet, for there are chickens at Ivigtut and plenty of eggs from Denmark besides. A delicate Danish courtesy serves you with some of that precious consignment of fresh fruit that came with you on the boat—and never did apples, oranges and pears taste better than here, where potatoes are treasured like the crown jewels in the Tower of London. If you want blueberries, however, you can find plenty of them on the nearest hillside—very blue and firm of pulp, fresh as the dew and with little sugar in them.

Two little Eskimo boys, eight or nine years old, rowed all night from the native village of Arsuk, a distance of ten miles, bringing codfish for our boat. They were hardly big enough to look over their own gunwale. Each carried two long strings of fish, and to Anders Jorn, our cook, and to Cornelius Andersen, our steward, the solemn, wistful picture they presented was ir-

resistible. They brought to my mind the words: "There is a lad here which hath . . . two small fishes."

So the little fish-mongers, more than willing, were haled into the cook's galley, and there, in the warm lee of the range, were regaled with what to their elastic tummies was a banquet—such delicacies as prunes and beans, and even slices of watermelon, which they ate down through the white rind to the green, receiving the whole Providential dispensation in a silent gravity with no wastage of breath upon a word of thanks. After all, toiling at the sweeps of their big boat all through the night, against the heavy swells in the fjord and on through the perilous Narrows of the Kusak, had they not earned our gratitude, instead of incurring an obligation?

And there came into the tiny harbor behind the breakwater a little girl of twelve, brought in a motor-boat by Dr. Eric Bruun of Frederikshaab, eighty miles to the north. She came to have her teeth fixed by Dr. Rasmussen who served the mining-settlement as dentist. It was so rough on the way that they had to run into a harbor, and the journey took two days. She was made very happy with a watch, a tennis-racket and two tennis-balls—so happy that at first the words

stuck in her throat when she tried to say thank you—but she got them out, like the teeth, after a few hours, with a curtsey besides. Dr. Bruun explained that at Frederikshaab there are 200 Greenlanders (as the Danes prefer to call the Southern Eskimo) and two Danish families. "I am one of the families." At Julianehaab, he said, there are 400 Greenlanders and about twenty Danish persons. Godthaab, to the north, has 300 Greenlanders and between 100 and 200 Danes. There is one store in each place, administered by the Danish Government.

Dr. Bruun was stationed at Julianehaab in 1924, and might therefore, I thought, be able to shed light on the probable fate of William Nutting and his comrades of the cutter *Leif Ericsson,* that tried to follow the Viking trail from Norway via Iceland and Greenland to America in 1924.

It will be recalled that two small boats made the venture simultaneously. One was the *Shanghai,* whose skipper was Judge F. DeWitt Wells: and he has told the story with manful directness in "The Last Cruise of the *Shanghai.*" The *Shanghai* was a ketch forty-seven feet long, built in China of heavy teakwood, and manned by a crew of five who, after sailing the ship to Greenland and thence across Davis Strait to Labrador,

had the misfortune to run on a reef off the Nova Scotia Coast, where the boat was lost but the mariners fortunately were saved. The *Shanghai* navigators and those of the *Leif Ericsson* met and fraternized in Iceland. The *Shanghai* left Iceland July 8, made Greenland in eight days, and was away before Nutting and his comrades came along in their 42-foot boat. The two ships were of the same type—that of the Norwegian life-saving craft known as the Redingskote. The *Leif Ericsson* was made in Norway, was of oak, and was accustomed to heavy punishment on the high seas. At Wembley in 1924, one of these boats took first prize as the most seaworthy deep-sea sailing vessel. Both ships had auxiliary engines. Nutting had a Kelvin engine, Judge Wells had a 10-horse-power Grei motor. The *Shanghai's* ketch rig comprised jib, staysail, mainsail and small mizzen: the *Leif Ericsson* was cutter-rigged with a larger mainsail and a longer boom.

The *Leif Ericsson* is known to have sailed from Julianehaab on September 7, and then the curtain descended, and nothing further has been learned concerning the fate of the little ship. Dr. Brunn, however, told me that he met Nutting and his three comrades about September 1 at Nanortalik ("Place of Bears"), ten miles south of

Julianehaab. They were going northward, and told him they would remain but a day at Julianehaab. But they had such a good time that they lingered until September 8. Dr. Bruun came to Julianehaab on September 9, and learned that they had left the day before.

Nutting told Dr. Bruun that in stormy weather they tied the rudder, threw out a small drag-anchor, and went below to sleep. The doctor warned them of the peril of the practice. It is quite possible that while they were asleep the boat encountered ice or foundered in a storm. Judge Wells has given us a vivid description of a coast which requires the utmost vigilance of every skipper, where the lives of a ship's company may be forfeited to a moment's carelessness. It is certainly one of the last places on the face of the waters for the taking of chances. The conspiracy of rock, berg and floe against the sailor demands the employment of every ancient or modern artifice that man has devised to meet the perils of the sea. In 1925 a Dane, Pless-Schmidt, announced that he would attempt the crossing of the Atlantic in a kayak, one of the one-man Eskimo canoes which are ticklish craft even in the hands of those who best understand how to handle them. Three Eskimo of Frederikshaab in a single day have been lost in these

diminutive shallops. The question instantly asks itself, how can a European expect to do what even one of these Eskimo centaurs of the sea would not think of attempting? How could sufficient food be carried, when there is no storage-room, and how could sleep be obtained where there is no place to lie down? At last accounts the hardy one, after a battle with a shark, had got as far as Hardanger Fjord, Norway, where he bought a bread-knife in case he should meet more sharks on the next leg of his journey to Bergen. Wind and wave evidently taught him the rashness of his undertaking, and sober afterthought dissuaded him. He should have known better to begin with. Sufficient risk is run in the ordinary course of trade with Greenland and in scientific circumpolar exploration without wasting man-power and risking life in spectacular feats of bravado that have no higher aim than personal notoriety.

One of the most recent and most important contributions to the literature of exploration in the north is the account of the Fifth Thule Expedition, 1921-1924, by Dr. Knud Rasmussen, which appears in the journal of the Royal Geographical Society for February, 1926. None knows the Eskimo people better than this brave and modest Dane, and none has better illustrated

the exemplary spirit which makes science itself the primary objective at all times and puts in the last place the acquisition of fame for the explorer. Dr. Rasmussen in his remarkable journey made his way all the way from the coast of Greenland to East Cape, Siberia, and none but a traveler equipped as he was could have performed the transit. "And glory is the least of things that follow this man home." At Point Barrow, Alaska, he gave a lecture to an audience of three hundred Eskimo, on the subject of their kinsmen in the distant regions of the East, "and they followed my account without the slightest difficulty. I began by pointing out how the work of Arctic exploration and the study of the Eskimo have always gone hand in hand and I mentioned that these countries, England, America, and Denmark, have all had their share in the work, both in Greenland and Arctic America. We work in the same field; and when one man's work comes to an end, another takes up the task, basing his further endeavors on the results of those who went before him."

VI

AN ESKIMO VILLAGE

VI

AN ESKIMO VILLAGE

THE Danes of the mining-settlement are not allowed to visit the native Eskimo village of Arsuk in the lap of the mountain Kugnat: and it was by a special dispensation that I was permitted to go with Dr. Rasmussen and Dr. Bruun on one of their official visits.

The edict which prevents the miners from leaving Ivigtut to visit the native villages does not wear heavily upon them, for there is much more of civilized and comfortable Europe around the kryolith mine than anywhere else. Arsuk is the only aboriginal settlement near at hand. Kagsimivit is about fifty miles to the southeast; Narsolik, in the northeast, is still farther away.

As we chugged down the fjord in the superintendent's motor-boat, I marveled again at the hardihood of the two little boys who had brought their rowboat with the fish against such headstrong winds and currents as our larger boat with its powerful oil-engine encountered. The huddle of fishing-huts constituting the native village is planted with less

reference to the comfort of the folk ashore than regard for the men who must go forth in kayaks to wrest the community's livelihood from the sea and must be sure of their haven after nightfall. So the shallow cove of Arsuk is wide open to the full force of the sea as it comes raving in from Davis Strait. Behind the village, sheer, black, forbidding, rises the mountain-wall: in front the gleaming icebergs cruise up and down like sharks in glittering waters, save when fog shuts out the world: and the wind blows like cannon-fire, threatening to scoop up the small bay and fling the water spitefully against the mountainside.

As we came down the channel from Ivigtut and threaded the needle's eye of the Kusak, the wind and the sea freshened till it became impossible to stay out on the deck of the motor-boat, because of the whip-lash of the spray and the yeasty froth that came after. Yet our smallest mariner was calm enough, save for a few bird-like peeps of remonstrance now and then. This infant Viking was Dr. Rasmussen's three-months-old baby Leif, who came along with his mother by way of experiment, for a fortnight later he would have to go with her to Denmark, a two weeks' voyage, and his mother was sure to be seasick all the way. This was a practice-

voyage to develop the baby's sea-legs long before he could hope to use them for walking purposes. Husband and wife—since the husband must stay behind—were anxious to find out how well the baby could get along without a maid. They had once had a nurse, named Johanna, but now she had gone back to Arsuk, where by general consent, because she had seen ten miles of the world, she had become Queen of the village, and her son was chairman of the village council.

I might have thought it was rough going through the channel, but with baby Leif Rasmussen's mild blue eyes looking into mine from under a white silk cap awry over his left ear, how could I make a fuss? He seemed to say: "You must learn to be a water-baby if you come here. I am named for Leif the Lucky, son of Eric the Red, and even though I am but three months old, the son of a Greenland doctor, like that holy child of long ago, must begin early to be about his father's business. Sit quiet in your place, man from America, and I will show you how tranquil and how good I can be even when the salt drops come over the side like little birds and peck me on the end of my snub nose."

The so-called harbor had nothing like a pier, and was too shallow for the motor-boat, so a skiff was paddled from the shore by an Eskimo to

bring us to the least angular of the rocks, and the softest of the seaweed for the baby's sake. Our madonna of the fjord descended first into four inches of water at the bottom of the craft: then, crooning and lulling, the father—six feet, four inches of him—carried the white, pink and blue package much more tenderly than sticks of dynamite are handled at the Ivigtut mine.

As he descended into the boat, the people on the rocks were watching—and it was strange how the majesty of the scenery, the mountains, the bergs, the whole indignant sea, faded out in favor of the small domestic panorama, as though we could not think of seeing or doing anything else but transferring that baby and his mother over a few hundred feet of sullen water.

Then we saw that the crowd on the rocks was mostly composed of children, the littlest of the little people, very much interested to see the face and the dress of the new baby we had brought, but very mannerly about it, and making way for our processional up what might pass for Main Street—the only thing that looked like a road—to the house of the Bestyrer.

To us, the Bestyrer's name was Jansen, and he was a Dane: to the villagers his name and office were almost synonymous with deity. His white wooden house, built seventy years ago in this cen-

tury-old settlement, stood transverse, at the back of the hamlet, and higher than the rest, against the mountain wall—the first house and the last to be descried through the glass from the sea. To his house the baby was carried, more babies and mothers tumbling out of every little hovel on the hill-slopes at either hand as we came along, and falling into line behind us. When we came to the front gate and the lettuce-bed, there were about sixty children, each smaller than the last, holding to the pickets and peering through as Leif Rasmussen in his padded blanket was carried up the steps to be put to bed, after his first Viking trail of ten sea-miles.

Yes, the Bestyrer is a great man, a very great man, but somehow I did not feel at all afraid of him. He looked very young with his tow hair and pink skin, in his blue smock, and, booted to the knee, he seemed ready to start at a moment's notice on an errand of piratical freebootery amid the crags or upon the innocent quest of sea-bird's eggs. For his wife, a Danish girl profiled like a Greek coin, proud and free as Diana or an empress of the Amazons, the outstanding fact of the day was the preparation of the dinner for the visitors: and Leif Rasmussen's mother, now that Leif was sound asleep in the feather-bed, pitched in and helped with might and main, taking great

pains to peel all the green rind off the watermelon and the cantelope from Philadelphia.

It was high time for me to go forth and face that delightful mob of children looking through the pickets as if it were their afternoon at the Zoo. A visitor with a camera to them is about as sensational as an Eskimo with a dog-sled or a kayak would be on Chestnut Street, Fifth Avenue or Beacon Hill. But there were no rude howls of derision, no pummelings and quarrelings to win a vantage-point. Just solemn little brown faces, waiting, expectant, hoping against hope that the man in the better clothes of foreign make would find something in his pockets, crumbs to be scattered from the bounty of laden tables in the strange and far-off lands.

As you looked across the starveling lettuce-leaves of the Controller's garden, in this land where plants and people live or starve together, at the faces between the pickets, you thought how little the children, or their fathers and mothers for that matter, have and know in their lives outside the glaciers and rocks and seal-meat and bird-feathers. The least thing you can bring them is a novelty: the simplest antics you can start in the long green grass sends them off into spasms of uncontrollable delight. A moment ago they were solemn as stone lions in front of a

library: now they are overjoyed to find that the stranger after all is not an ossified image but another human being come to play with them.

For these children in this secluded hamlet, protected by the Danes against the invasion of the fishing-crews or miners, see virtually none from year's end to year's end save the Bestyrer, or government agent, his wife, and the doctor. One who comes from "outside" is almost on a parity with a heavenly visitant. At present, most of the men of the settlement, which holds about 140 people in its score of huts, are out on the mountains hunting reindeer. So it is a paradise of children, their mothers leaving these sturdily independent small folk more or less to their own tribal devices.

Therefore they follow you about as if you were the Pied Piper come to town. They smile when you smile, and would tremble with fear at your frown—but who would frown at a roly-poly Eskimo baby? If you enter into a house the crowd collects outside the door—and a very low door it is, where the wind is not invited to enter. If you come out of the Bestyrer's home after a restful interval, out they pop like prairie-dogs from their burrows, these little people, from each house in the village—for every hut can see the

doors and windows of every other dwelling and know when a fish is hung out to dry, or a fox-skin is stretched with fish-bones for pins upon the grass. And always the children seem to be coming toward you in still smaller and smaller sizes, by diminishing returns, till last of all the mother appears, booted, furred and beaded, carrying the smallest of all in her arms, and herself, in her grateful, guileless, docile mind, almost as small and innocent a child as any, trying so hard in her own shy, silent way to please, and in the second place to understand.

Realizing better than any other nation the psychology of a race that was fast headed for extinction like the bushmen of Australasia, the Danes have intervened to preserve and to build up the remnant—saving the sheep and the lambs from predatory wolves of alien ruthlessness, and just in time. You must meet the Eskimo on their own rock, in their own waters, to realize how malleable they are, and what a murderous crime it is to import into their midst the social corrosive sublimates of foreign drink and foreign vices. Always after the first mailboat comes in the spring to Greenland, though it hails from hygienic and salvatory Denmark, there is an outbreak of influenza from the bacilli loosed on the pure air by the foreign correspondence.

Luckily—and I wonder how it happened—I had all my pockets full as they would hold of raisins and hard candy. Choosing the softest greensward I could find, where buttercups bestarred the grass, I first put a " bonne bouche " in the hands of each of the least of these, who might get stepped on in a general mêlée. Then I threw handfuls in air, and there was a wild, gleeful rush in most directions but the right one. Sometimes I pretended to throw, and threw not, or looked each way like a bear seeking the way out from a ring of dogs, so that the children could not tell which way the throw would come—or I would spring aside and run a little way before distributing the succulent largess. Almost too simple and too foolish to tell about, but with those children you would think it was a party in an opera-house, with a vaudeville of clowns and circus animals on the stage, and ice-cream and lemonade between the acts. They laughed till the wind and the sea could not hear themselves for the noise of their exceeding joy. Then I went back to the cache of raisins I had established under the oilskins in the Bestyrer's front hall, and renewed the supply, while the lilliputs outdoors clutched the palings and looked dolorous and were fearful that the supply might be exhausted.

Moreover, there was a store—the only store—at the back of the house, and I found that for one American dollar I could buy six pounds of dried figs—and there is nothing too dry for the front teeth of an Eskimo trained to chew seal-skin—with an Eskimo New Testament, primer and song-book, words and music, thrown in. The six pounds filled a tin cracker-box, which in due course was returned, for a tin cracker-box, like Christmas, is a hardy annual at Arsuk, and would be worth no more if it were made of platinum.

It is not the glamor of romance, under the spell of distance, that leads me to say that in the crowd of children I met the small authentic model of Titania. She was a real elfin child—her hair spun gold and as wavy as an Alberta wheat-field in midsummer. Her eyes had taken a blue that was made of the bluest skies, the bluest stones, the bluest berries she saw anywhere, and her cheeks were the last little flags of the sun across Davis Inlet as it came kindly to her between the geraniums of her cabin window at the lingering rosy end of the afternoon. She did not laugh with the outright boisterousness of the other children: in that sea-pool of nut-brown faces, she was preëminently delicate and fair, and she seemed wholly out of place, as an elf would be

in this real and solid world. She was utterly Scandinavian from her fair hair, with which the breeze and the light were playfellows, to her seal-clad toes digging sturdily into the moss as she scrambled and tumbled after the elusive figs and raisins with the rest. Where had she come from? What was she doing here? You might ask her mother, sitting yonder among the great stones that the winter storms had thrown down the hard, black, windy mountainside. But her father, it would seem, had sailed away and left her here. It would be useless to ask of anyone if mother and child would ever hear from him again, for none would know his name.

The village, young and old, and all of it child-like, was more than pleased to be universally included in a round-up for a communal photograph, and when it was explained through an interpreter they promised, great and small as with one voice, that they could sit still for four seconds of gray light, and so they did. All but two goats, bearded and patriarchal, who (the personal pronoun should here be used) insisted on getting into the picture too. They did everything else that the inhabitants did, and went everywhere that land-animals can go: I am not sure that they did not have a voice in the village council. Naturally, they wished to horn into a pic-

ture that seemed to comprise all else that could walk or be carried in arms (or peeping over shoulders): and their indignation and sorrow were manifest when they were repeatedly expunged from the group of which they considered themselves very properly the central and outstanding features. But public opinion, for once, was against them, hard as the flint-shards under their scrabbling hoofs. The Eskimo would have been content to have them nibbling and browsing across the photographic plate, with the effect of sea-mist trailing in across the fjord from the island of Storö, but they would rather have their own portraits made than satisfy the vanity of goats, and,—as always happens in the long run, —public opinion had its way, and the goats ruefully withdrew to a matter of some inches beyond the utmost sidewise range of the camera's eye. Of course snapshots could be taken at any village door you choose, but when you have sitters as patient as the Eskimo there is no reason (save laziness) why one should not bring into action a big camera, mounted on a tripod, with glass plates. The village was one broad smile of appreciation for the extra trouble and the honor conferred. Queen Johanna had modestly stood off to one side, till I moved her into the center of the front rank: but I found afterward that by

"Queen" Johanna's House

general consent the place of honor in the very midst of the group had been assigned—by the same potent public opinion that expelled the goats—to the Eskimo lady doctor who had brought most of those present into the world.

Queen Johanna proudly showed her house. The back room, with its regulation bedstead and bureau, was occupied in solitary grandeur by her son, the great man of the village, head of the council. He was off on the reindeer-hunt with the other councillors. I pried loose as many of the family as I could from the front room into the back one while I photographed the interior. I left one old grandmother and one grandchild in her lap sitting in the front room, but they were both so dark as to be indistinguishable from the stove, and I hoped that even my sensitive Orthonon plate in the meager light would not know the difference. In this front room all but the councillor slept, on a platform that filled nearly half the room from wall to wall. The bedding had been up-ended for the day beneath spreads of lavish floral pattern and elaborate embroidery. There was hardly room for the bed and the stove and the grandmother, even though the baby in her lap was the smallest size they had, so I stood in the next room with the camera's nose in the door like an inquisitive camel. I am sure that

somewhat temperamental instrument was surprised by what it beheld on the opposite wall. There the chief adornment was a sepia print of Romney's picture known as the Parson's Daughter. Queen Johanna was modestly proud of the royal art gallery, and well might she be. Round the Romney masterpiece were colored lithographs from Danish picture-books for children, representing cats and dogs engaged in their habitual pursuits of drinking milk, gnawing bones, chasing rats or fighting one another—all these transactions highly diverting and unusual to the Arsuk peasantry, who never see a cat, and only enjoy the society of a dog on those rare occasions when "Muk," the dachshund from Ivigtut, comes to visit. And those Eskimo who have seen most of the great round world,—namely, those who have been to Frederickshaab and Julianehaab, eighty and 100 miles away—insist that "Muk" isn't a dog at all. They have seen dogs, and they know. They will not undertake to tell what he is; he may be something that grew in the Superintendent's garden in the spring of a bad year; he may have issued from the hole under the glacier, or he may have been thrown to the surface in a mine-blast: he may be a kind of fish from Denmark or even an unaccountable sort of bird with four legs and a bark: but the village council hav-

ing sat upon the matter, it is decreed that a dachshund is not a dog, and you cannot go behind that final authority. One of these wise men on a voyage to the southernmost tip of the island recently saw a great wonder,—four white swans, —and far off their beat, like the Eskimo himself, they must have been. When he got back to safe and sane Arsuk, he reported to a wide-eyed roomful of young and old what he had seen. He knew about God, of course, from the books printed by the Eskimo themselves at Godthaavn, and from what the native catechist said in the Lutheran Church on Sunday. So he reported: "I saw four of God's holy angels. I shot at two of them, but I missed them, and they flew away." The gun-play meant no lack of reverence, but when an Eskimo is in quest of something to eat he will shoot almost anything except a Danish Bestyrer.

I had a violin with me, and the Bestyrer, in the interval between selling coffee to the Eskimo and chasing the goats from his garden, sat at a perfectly tuned and (of course) upright piano and made Danish and other music with me. I may digress to remark that selling the coffee, in the shop directly behind the music-room, was no trivial ceremony. An Eskimo rolls every one of those terribly long words of his bargaining like a

choice morsel on the tongue, and makes every ore of his money serve him as it would the thriftiest housewife in a market-stall of Copenhagen. He has his own printed paper currency, with red eider-ducks, blue reindeer or green seals upon it—and he means to make it go at least as fast and as far as any one of those speedy and enduring creatures.

The ritual of purchase is this. The buyer brings a towel that all these years since the search for Sir John Franklin has not known the contaminating touch of laundry soap. He puts down the towel on the counter, if there is a counter, or the floor, if there is a floor. Then the Bestyrer, with the solemnity of a high priest officiating at an altar (the Eskimo himself is very grave or very gay, like a Russian gentleman), puts in the middle of the towel what is wanted—let us say two kilos each of coffee, sugar and lead bullets. These are paid for severally, but dealt out and mixed indiscriminately. The reason they are paid for one by one is that an Eskimo has a hard time counting beyond his own ten fingers, though he sometimes calls on his ten toes likewise to help his decimal system, which shows him in advance of America in the elements, at least, of metric calculation.

When he has transferred his purchase to his

own dwelling, and the neighbors swarm in to see what he has bought, then indeed he outburgeons the glory of Solomon. Now appeareth the reason for having the sugar, the coffee and the bullets mixed together. If he had them in separate bags, it would just be a case of an envious neighborly glimpse into the sack or a glance at the outpoured pile and the show would be over. But as it is, he must elaborately sit down upon his burnished floor, and laboriously pick out the bullets and the coffee-beans from the grand and glorious mess. As he contemplates each bean or grain or bullet he gloats over his wealth, and the sense of his great possessions among the onlookers grows till like the air in the room it becomes overpowering, and must find vent in outright polysyllables of admiration. And the sound of the tribute is very sweet in the ears of a man who almost drowns one half the year, and nearly starves the rest of the time, for reindeer-meat, sharks' livers, and a few fox-skins, blue and white, that he may pay his "regning" to the Bestyrer.

Perhaps, unwittingly, I did Arsuk an injustice just now, in adverting to its Arcadian innocence in the matter of laundry-soap. For there comes to my mind the true tale of the good wife of the hamlet who used the one and only stream-

let (which actually has a bridge of driftwood across it) to wash clothes and rinse them out as a Danish fru would do. But in winter, when the brook was frozen, she used a tub in the seclusion of her dwelling. The Bestyrer saw her and noted that, with her stiff sealskin leggins, it was no small effort to bend over for the necessary saponification of the garments. So, taking pity, he got her a bench, and made her a handsome present. When the next washday came, weeks or months later, he found her standing on the bench, and reaching by so much the further down to the bottom of the tub. But she had the satisfaction of making a great stir among the other matrons as they watched her almost standing on her head to get down into the suds, and planned to ask their husbands to procure them benches just like hers, when the seal-hunt should be over.

One of the pieces of music which the Bestyrer knew and loved was that not wholly unfamiliar song whose thrilling theme is the end of a perfect day. We made the rocks and rills of Arsuk echo with it till a slide from the mountain threatened to supervene. But the climax of my perfect day was still to come. The native catechist went up and down the village street promising—or warning—the inhabitants that at eight in the

evening, in the largest room of the largest man, I would give a violin recital. This would be not in the Bestyrer's house but in a native dwelling on the other side of the church, close to the graves and the old Norse ruins where the gulls haunted and the wind howled most dolefully.

An Eskimo grave shows wavy gaps through the pile of rocks under the " wide and starry sky." It is easy to peer in at the chinks and discern the skeleton lying there. The idea of openings is that it makes it easy for the spirits to go in and out. Often a knife or a rifle is put beside the body, as with the American Indian to help the newcomer in the next existence. Even pipes filled with tobacco are laid in the graves.

At eight o'clock with my companions of the motor-boat (except baby Leif, who had gone to the well-known land of Nod), I clambered up over the rocks, fiddle-case under arm, to dispute possession of the Valkyr heights with the Norse ghosts and the gulls. As we found nobody else making the pilgrimage, I concluded that Arsuk's appetite for my sophisticated music of Europe or America had been already sated by what it heard coming out of the windows, or mayhap the chimney, of the Bestyrer's home. What was my surprise to find the whole of Arsuk in one room. The only reason no one was coming was that

everyone was there already, and had been waiting goodness knows how long.

The Eskimo can on occasion manifest extraordinary patience: and it is a quality needed in a world where nature fights man tooth and nail when he attempts to wrest a living through the rocks, the ice and the open sea. A story is told of an official who sent willing natives to a distant fjord to get grass for goats. He wondered why they remained away so long, and found that when they arrived there was no grass, so they sat down and waited in vain for it to grow!

In the long Arctic days and nights the Eskimo has not our southern sense of the ticking instants marked off on the dial of a watch, and he does not feel the need of filling " the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds worth of distance run." With all the time and room there is, he can afford to wait.

Earlier in the day I had distributed five miserable dolls, bought at the five-and-ten cent store at home (on the ten-cent side). These dolls looked as if they had been carved, somewhat hastily, from pink soap, and were enclosed in boxes which simulated peanuts. I had given them out in each instance to the little patient Eskimo girls whose arms seemed to be most full of their own brothers and sisters, so that they

had the poorest chance to get the figs and raisins when these had rained from the leaden skies upon the heads of the other children. At the end of the room was a bureau, and on it three tallow candles burned. In the midst of the bureau, in front of a mirror, stood one of the dolls, divested of the peanut-box which happened to be its only garment, and standing in a shaving-cup which came nearly to its chin. It was flanked by four small bottles of perfume. Any Eskimo prefers cologne to a bath. In front of the cup, as though to fence in the prized token from the profanation of itching fingers, was a curved comb of imitation tortoise-shell, placed just the way the Superintendent's picket fence stands round his pansy-bed at Ivigtut. Two bouquets of a plant resembling smilax flanked the candles. As though I were to officiate in some sort of sacrificial ceremony, I was escorted to a chair beside the doll. Days later, an Eskimo climbed over the rail of the steamer at Ivigtut and, like a hula-hula dancer, from his shoulders to his waist went through a pantomime with his hands, which was meaningless to me. I never saw such a show of hands—they fluttered like wounded birds—they beat the air with the eloquence of an old-clothes merchant in despair. Sending for one learned in the talk of the Innuit, I found out that the

Eskimo's daughter would be twelve years old presently and the paternal heart yearned for just such a doll to gladden her birthday party. I was sorry that the last doll was gone, but he departed evidently pleased with other gewgaws and knickknacks that would serve.

But to return to our waiting guests of the musicale. The room was little more than five feet high, and Dr. Rasmussen had to bend like a withered bluebell to get about in it. It would be more accurate to describe the people as packed in layers rather than sitting or standing. Through the smoke-hole in the wooden ceiling protruded the head of a boy upside down to miss nothing, and between his chin and shoulder I could see the arms and legs of others on the roof. Under the benches were more children lying on the floor with their heads between the sealskin boots of their elders. Lined up at my left against the wall were seven women, comprising the mainstay of the village choir, and the catechist stood in front of them with a candle ready to lead them in song. These women, like all the others present, had donned their most regal regalia. They wore white hip-boots made from the skin of the unborn seal: they stood erect as rods of brass: even while dancing, the Eskimo woman scarcely seems to have a joint between the

waist and the toes. The boots were frilled at the top as though by a scroll-saw—an imitation of the lost trimming of European garments. Above them appeared the sealskin trousers, fur-side out, then came the broad sash of a gay color and pattern, according to the wearer's fancy-play. From the sash to the chin was the supreme magnificence of the beadwork, in which the imagination of the wearer ran unrestricted. That the intricate and painful creation might be revealed for its full value, in some cases white cloth hung behind it, but this apparently did not go all the way round—it was too costly to waste where it would not be seen.

In the corner by the door was the orchestra for the dance which would follow the musicale. It consisted of two members, an accordion player and a fiddler who, as far as I could tell in the dim light, were sitting on the heads and shoulders of the other people. The fiddler was the master of the house: the virtuoso of the accordion, who had a wooden leg, was a famed hunter. They told it of him that when his kayak was pierced by a point of ice, he hauled it out on the floes, repaired it, and paddled on again—a very clever performance for a man with a wooden leg: and they also related that when he was crossing Gun-barrel Ridge on the frozen snow

he had the misfortune to break the said important piece of personal furniture and hopped like a bird on his real leg all the way down to Ivigtut. Anyone who has seen the place where he made the descent will wonder that they have not put up an inscribed brass tablet there, to mark the monopedestrian feat.

Salt cod never sat tighter in a box from Norway than the rest of the audience, and I believe not one of the sixty children with whom I had played in the afternoon was absent: they were singularly peaceable bairns, and only one of them cried in the two teeming and redolent hours that I stayed with the stifling but delectable party.

They may say what they please about the Eskimo as amoral, unmoral or immoral: as you looked about this circle of friendly faces you could not fail to be impressed by the stamp of a genuine and simple goodness in most of the faces. They may not have used soap and water, but they shone. I will not claim for any of the women that they were beautiful by any of the standards we accept. Yet of handsome features severally taken, of individual good looks, there was an abundance. There was a striking sort of handsomeness in the sharp contrast of intense black hair with cheeks as red as the fjord and the spray of the cove could dye them. And they stood

up against the wall so firmly—with no trace of the débutante slouch, but the firm, athletic carriage of workers and burden-bearers. Old people could be counted on the fingers of one hand: the life is too severe to encourage longevity, and sixty years is on the brink of superannuation. The pathos is, that with all the fresh air in the world by day, these people stuff their hovels to suffocation in the night, and so are victims of a mild form of tuberculosis, in the proportion of about one in four. They need to be taught what Dr. Grenfell is laboring so hard to impress upon the "liveyeres" of the Labrador—that fresh air by night is their friend and not their enemy. It is astonishing that they can live in such confining and unventilated quarters and still—generally—look so well.

And so I stood up and began to play to them on my violin. The choice of tunes was something of a puzzle, but I knew that the catechist had made them familiar with much of the golden treasury of Scandinavian folk-song, and I felt that melodies of the kind would not fall upon deaf ears. So I wove a web of old British ditties ranging from "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" to the Welsh "All Through the Night" and then played that dear old Christmas favorite from Germany which the world has taken to its

heart—" Stille Nacht." The minute I began that well-nigh universal ditty they all broke into song with me. Such singing as it was! I almost dropped my violin to listen—and I would have ceased to play, that I might hear the better—but I knew they would offer their own unaccompanied singing presently. The voices were so pure and true, so firm and free, and so securely placed! There was not once a lapse or wavering from the right intonation—yet they had no musical score before them. The men were few for, as I have said, it was deer-hunting season, but those on hand acquitted themselves valiantly in the bass and tenor parts, providing a deep, rich, resonant fundament. If the room seemed occupied before, the music filled it now to bursting. At the end, they broke into applause just as a polite assemblage at home would do. I shook hands ceremonially with each of the choir, and they smiled from ear to ear. You cannot have too much of forms and compliments to suit an Eskimo.

I played several times alone, but it was much more fun to hear them sing " a cappella " or to supply them with an obbligato from their own remarkable song-book, printed by the Danes, and named " Erinarssutit." Jonathan Petersen is the compiler. They sang a lovely old Danish

chorale with which I was unfamiliar, and together we performed their pet Christmas anthem, " Jutdlime orpiliak," to music of E. Horneman. Another ballad, " Nunanguarput asavdlugoait," was set to the plaintive harmony supplied by Petersen. Best of all was Mendelssohn's lovely " O Thäler Weit, O Höhe" which appeared in strange guise under the title " Maligssuit atane." The Ukrainian choir, justly celebrated for its nuances, could not have done more or better with the flowing cantabile. A page of Eskimo words looks about as anfractuous as a shore of Eskimo rocks, but as they utter these syllables in song they take on a rounded softness that is incredible, and prove that Eskimo is a singable language. It may be mentioned in passing that Dr. Rasmussen's predecessor at Ivigtut, Dr. Norman Hansen, wrote an opera-libretto as a winter diversion. Under the name of " Kaddara " it was set to music by the Danish composer, Borresen, and was successfully produced at the opera-house in Copenhagen. Efforts are afoot to have it given by the Metropolitan Opera Company. It is disappointing to learn that the text is not Eskimo: but the subject-matter and the mise-en-scène are altogether of Greenland.

Superintendent Jagd gave the librettist one

red-letter evening when he might read the work to the assembled miners. In all the pride of life he did his best to impersonate the entire cast. The reception of his effort was respectful, but not enthusiastic. The most spectacular reaction came when the heroine fought with the villain, and one of the miners, who had taken too much "aqua vit" called out: "The devil! She bit him in the ear!" So unlike the home-life of their beloved Denmark.

After the music came the dancing. The only way to clear the floor was to push the people still further against the wall and into the corners—a feat that an hour before would have seemed impossible. The one small window on my side of the house badly needed opening. Through it was an enchanting prospect. The moon threw a tremulous silver pathway across the fjord, and in that molten shimmer floated an enormous iceberg, flashing white. Behind it loomed the dark mass of the black mountain that is Arsuk Island, and its summits were frosted with the earliest snowfall of the winter to which summer precipitately leaps with little that can be recognized as an autumn interval. All lighted windows at Arsuk face the sea, for the sake of men returning weary and heavy-laden, from the water or the mountain after nightfall.

The accordion-player threw off a few preliminary roulades and arpeggios, just to show what a man with a wooden leg can do: and the fiddler at his side tuned with astonishing accuracy. He made no pretense to science, but he must have watched and heard the sailors many times to get not merely the rhythm but the precise notation of the jigs, strathspeys, hornpipes and reels. The pièce de résistance, which I had particularly wished to see, was the " Eider-Duck Dance," whose sprightly paces were those of an old Danish square dance, involving much shuffling with a sound as of sandpaper over the bare boards, changing off to an interweaving in and out of the partners as in our Virginia reel. The leading-motive was repeated, ad infinitum, with subtle variations each with a meaning of its own to the eager, agile participants. A true Greenland dance found a group of three or four whirling dizzily in the center of a ring who beat a fusillade with their heels, or clapped their hands. The Eskimo look at times so stolid and phlegmatic that it is another surprise to find how fast they like to dance. I led out an old lady who must have been nearing seventy winters, for what purported to be a waltz, and by the time I conducted her back to her standing-room I was almost as breathless as she was from the dizzy

gyrations. It was very much like rolling a churn—but no doubt she found me just as difficult. I admired the ease and grace of Dr. Rasmussen, who despite his towering height rarely ever hit a rafter as he bent over like a croquet-hoop, or still more like the lady of the wash-tub, to his various diminutive partners. I was emboldened to make another attempt. This time it was a two-step, and my partner was the matronly Queen Johanna. It was a lot of fun, but it was likewise a deal of hard work. We had to retire before the party was over: for all I know the Eskimo may be dancing yet.

VII

GREENLANDERS

VII

GREENLANDERS

Their own name for themselves is "Innuit," which means "The People." The old-timers, respectful as they are to the many inventions of the white man, have a derogatory fable that traces the descent of all Europeans to the primeval marriage of an Eskimo woman and a dog—a derivation not flattering to the amour propre of the foreigner. They used to be much more intransigeant: the first Bestyrer at Arsuk found the natives so savage that, as one of the Danes told me, "he had to flow away."

Even in our day, they can become sufficiently irate, in spite of their usually placid mien, but still they never use profanity: their vocabulary of some 16,000 words, about as big as Shakespeare's, makes no room for the oaths that too liberally season the talk of folk in the so-called temperate latitudes. They are gentlest of all with the children. Here is the training of moral suasion in full flower. Not merely are the children never beaten—they are not even scolded. You will not see a mother run after a child that strays from the beaten track, and jerk him back

by one arm while she assails his ears with shrill upbraiding. The rule of kindness is as much the accepted order in a Greenland home as the closed window and the insufferable air. They do not command the rising generation: they ask, "Will you fetch the kamik (shoes)?" or, "Will you go to the store and get the tobacco?" If the child declines, that settles it, for the time being, and the subject is changed till the wind is in a different quarter. Is there, then, no parental control? There is—but it is of a curious sort. Instead of the birch rod or the willow withe, it uses the more effective castigation of satire. A child who never could be browbeaten into fulfilling the parental desire may easily be shamed. The Greenland child hates ridicule. Traveling as he does in a small tribe of children,—thinking, playing, talking all day long in a group as consanguineous and single-minded as a cloud of gnats, very early he learns to know what public opinion means. We think we know something, in our civilized demesne, of loyalty to class, or set, or clan, or family tradition: it is as nothing to the operative force of custom among Greenlanders. The slightest variant from the ritual of the forefathers is an epochal change.

The man who suggests the least alteration in the appointments of a boat, and convinces other

men that he is reasonable, has the status of a great inventor—he wins the local renown of an Edison.

In a land of many lean years, eating is naturally a large segment of the social horizon of the Eskimo. The sure sign of rich man is a fat wife. None would call the Greenland palate fastidious. An animal must be defunct indeed before it is too dead for an Eskimo to eat, whether it has been cooked or not. Yet the line is drawn at foodstuffs which experience has shown to be injurious to health. Thus, the shark's liver is a tidbit (weighing some thirty to forty pounds), but the rest of the shark is not considered fit to eat. Seal-meat in all its phases and at all ages is a staple article of diet, of course: were it not for the seal, it is hard to imagine that Greenland could be inhabited at all.

Compelled by the stress of economic circumstances to be grimly utilitarian, it is hard for the Greenlander to see why anybody should come to his land for the mere purpose of northward travel. The quest of the Pole, or of undiscovered country, or the ambition to traverse the central ice-sheet, or to climb a high mountain for the view, has not the slightest appeal for him, but he would go to the end of the aurora borealis if he were sure that a fat reindeer, or a blue fox,

was waiting for him there. When Knud Rasmussen, that prince of explorers, wanted natives to help him on his journeys across Greenland and British North America to Siberia, fond of him as they are, the Eskimo thought he was a little bit " off " to propose such an aimless venture, till he gave them to understand that he was out for a supply of musk-ox meat, and then they could see reason in what he proposed, and were very ready to go with him.

Reference to the aurora borealis is a reminder that to the Greenlander it means the spirits of the dead children at play. The malemuks, or seagulls, at Cape Farewell are dead men. Hell among the " Arctic Highlanders " of the farthest north is a place of bitter cold, and heaven is at the bottom of the sea, where the seals swim about in boiling water so that they are cooked and ready to be eaten when you will. Piety indoctrinated by the Danes in the name of the Lutheran Church has not yet driven out certain old and firmly-rooted superstitions. Just before a man dies the lice leave him, walking from his head to his clothes. If he has no lice, it is a sure token that he must be seriously ill. They never say the name of a dead man. When the event occurs, they will not tell who paid the debt to Nature. For the utterance will bring misfortune.

A living man who has borne the name of the departed is likely, therefore, to change it. A priest at Julianehaab, taking a census of his flock, was greatly bewildered to find that in the year since his previous visitation the personnel of his congregation had undergone so many changes. The new names were the reason.

Friendly, sentimental, far from stolid as they might seem at sight, when they meet and wish to greet each other affectionately they do not kiss, they sniff arms and shoulders. They forget neither benefits nor injuries. They like to give presents, but expect to receive a quid pro quo, and a Bestyrer is kept busy by many applications for birthday remembrances for the numerous little ones, from the doting parents, his customers. Money is little valued in places where it will not immediately make a purchase, but there is much trading in kind: an Eskimo dealing with a Dane is likely to ask for payment in "proviant" (Danish for "provisions"). When the Eskimo pilfers from the white man, it is not with deliberate criminal intent. But if he sees two axes or shovels or knives before a white man's door, his original brand of logic tells him to take one of them. "For," he says to himself, "the white man cannot possibly use two, and I have a perfect right to take what he does not need."

The Eskimo, living usually in penury, is greatly impressed with the sight of plenty. When he comes to Ivigtut he is quite sure that Superintendent Jagd and Controller Essemann between them own everything in sight. They must obviously be very wealthy and powerful men: and there is no reason why they should not distribute with a lavish hand from their illimitable store.

While shrewd in many respects that have to do with the battle of sharpened wits versus uncompromising Nature for a livelihood, their minds often go to a certain length and stop, and they do not always think things through. An Eskimo on a journey with Mr. Jagd carried a sled under one arm and a forty-pound package of fish under the other on the snow. Mr. Jagd said: "That shows you are not an engineer. Why don't you put the package on the sled and haul it?" The Eskimo, offended, made no change, said nothing, and trudged on. He did not break the silence for a full hour. Then suddenly, as they came to an ice-sheet, he put down the burdens, and faced about. "Let me see if you can do this!" he cried. The Innuit then took his staff and executed a series of extraordinary gyrations and contortions, which would have put to shame a pole-vaulter in a track-meet. "Can you do that?" he repeated, triumphantly, after

his last flourish on the ice. He handed the pole to Mr. Jagd, who shook his head in smiling negation. "And yet," taunted the Innuit, in tones charged with irony and resentment, "you call yourself an engineer!"

The Eskimo cannot understand how a man can be doing any work of value merely with his mind, while his hands and feet are still. So much paper work at a desk is an unfathomable mystery to him: he does not comprehend how it can issue in the navigation of a ship, the transportation of a cargo, the operation of a mine.

One woman who had made a journey to bustling and puzzling America was asked for her impressions of New York. She pondered the query and replied: "The people were all running this way and that, but they did not know why, and they could not tell where they were going. The ground was so covered up with the things that man has made that I could not see anything of the earth that God created."

At Kangamiut, in the northernmost portion of the southern inspectorate of Greenland, there is an artist in wood-carving and painting, named Johannes Kreutzmann. His name was bestowed, like others of the sort, by Moravians on these shores twenty-five years ago, of whom the devoted Samuel Kleinschmidt was the pioneer. Kreutz-

mann takes driftwood that floats to Kangamiut on the cold current from Siberia, since there is no native timber large enough, and from it he cuts extremely lifelike figures of men and women, eighteen inches high, with a dexterity and an artistic feeling comparable with the craftsmanship that gave us the saints and kings on the façade of Chartres. He enhances the lifelike aspect with the colors he puts on, and is careful to reproduce with minute detail the costume and every contour of his subject. The works of his hands are in great demand, and like other artists, he has temperament, and only labors by fits and starts, when the creative mood is upon him. You must file the order long in advance: he is the John Singer Sargent of Greenland.

Mr. Jagd, knowing these things, wrote the sculptor a duly propitiatory letter, asking for an example of his handicraft and offering liberal compensation. The haughty answer came, a few months later: "I do not know you, and I will not write to you. But I do know Knud Rasmussen, and I am willing to grant a request if he makes it."

Mr. Jagd sent the disarming reply: "I am a friend of Knud Rasmussen, and you are also his friend. Therefore you are my friend."

The sculptor responded: "I do not know you

any better than when I received your first letter. You must send me your picture."

Whereupon Mr. Jagd sent the picture. In the course of a year or so the inscrutable maker of images fulminated from his icy retreat: "I will send you my picture. But I am not sure that I have a photograph of myself. If I find that I have no likeness, I will draw one, some time in the course of the coming winter."

It is axiomatic that art, like geologic processes, takes time, and that artists despise the calendrical reckoning of mortal years. Mr. Jagd, nevertheless, hopes that before a decade has passed his request will be granted and the figure will stand in the niche awaiting it over his Encyclopedia Britannica.

When an Eskimo makes up his mind, he moves: till then, it is as hard to get him to deflect his self-appointed course as it is to get a southern river to cut its channel across the neck of a bayou before it is ready to do so. An Eskimo lived on one shore of a salt inlet and hunted the reindeer on the other. Each day he would paddle several miles across the seething waters, and then after the day's end, commute homeward again with the day's spoil flung across the prow or perhaps towed in the wake of his kayak. It took him some time to reach the con-

clusion that he would do better to move to the side of the channel where the reindeer were, and thus save himself the considerable exertion and the frequent perils of the crossing. The problem was to get his wife over the inlet, in a kayak holding but one person. Of course she had no will of her own in the matter of changing her address: she would have to do as he said. But he was afraid she would rock the boat and drown them both. So he tied her up in a sack, with only her head protruding, fastened her behind the circular frame that buttons round the paddler's belt, and transported her with as little waste motion as though she were the carcass of a deer.

The Eskimo boats are superlative examples of the adaptation of the means to the end. The kayak, the man's canoe, should not weigh more than fifty-five pounds, and its owner can carry it over land or ice in one hand without assistance. In the water it becomes as much a part of him as if he were a merman and this were his tail, and he can turn over and bob up serenely as he pleases, his double paddle still in his sinewy hands. He has never learned to swim because of the cold water: his canoe does his swimming for him. The membrane drawn over the driftwood skeleton of the boat is sealskin, of course: it looks

as substantial as wood, but is in reality readily puncturable by a walrus-tusk (seldom encountered south of Cape York) or by the jagged edge of ice-pan or floe. On a round frame in front of the hunter lies his harpoon coiled in readiness for his usual prey, the seal: lashed to the deck are his harpoon and his bird-lance. When the time comes to let fly with the harpoon, he propels it with a stick that has a protruding peg to fit into the shaft of the missile, driving it much faster and farther than the unassisted arm could send it. That the direct pull of the seal on the kayak in its struggles may be broken, when the line is paid out the hunter casts into the sea therewith an inflated bladder that looks like a wheat-sack, which is carried on the kayak directly behind the hole where he sits. To enable him to approach his quarry without being seen against the ice, he is enveloped in hood and smock of white, and if he chooses he can put up in front of him a small white sail which is a recent invention. Another innovation is the Stevens rifle carried on the prow, and the device for attaching it in its present position won fame for the first Eskimo who installed it. Before that time, those who carried a gun inside a kayak had lots of trouble. If the hunter placed it so that it pointed forward, it might shoot through the sealskin and

send the ticklish craft to the bottom. If he pointed it toward himself it was likely to kill or wound him. It took much profound thought in the light of the midnight seal-oil before a brilliant intellect rescued the hunter from between the horns of the dilemma.

The umiak ("oomiak"), or woman's boat, is a very different affair—it is to the kayak what a roomy, heavy rowboat would be to a racing shell. It is "manned" by four women as rowers, but the coxswain is almost invariably of the opposite persuasion. In a model in the writer's possession, the headdress of the women indicates their social status. The lady with a black band round her hair is a widow. Dark blue about the tresses signifies that the wearer is a married woman. Red indicates that the rower is an unmarried woman, and green shows that a stigma attaches to the unmarried woman with a child who fills the fourth and last place in the file of rowers. The umiak is able to carry a large assortment of utensils. There are two bundles of tent-poles, and to each is attached a tent-skin. If desired, the skin of either the kayak or the umiak may be stripped from the framework and used for a shelter. On top of one of the bundles of tent-poles lies a pole whose function is to smooth the leather of the boots after use upon the

ice or in freezing water. It was formerly the business of an Eskimo woman to keep seal boots pliable with her own teeth, but the modern "flapper" is disdainful of this occupation, and it is mostly the old women whose teeth are worn to the gums by such employment. Formerly a woman's value in the matrimonial market depended very largely on the length and strength of her teeth.

In one of the bundles of tent-poles is a wooden bar with crescents of iron or bone upon it. This is meant to be laid across the front of a semicircle of stones when the tent is made. The tent-poles are then thrust through the openings formed by the crescents on the bar, the other ends of the poles lying upon the ground, and then a covering of skins is laid for a snug shelter. Another instrument carried in the umiak, whose use is not apparent, looks like a clothes-horse. This is a rack on which to dry the boots (kamik), which in view of the usage to which they are subjected are likely to need drying most of the time. The Danes of the colonies insist that the Eskimo shall clean these sealskin boots once a day, to keep them in condition: personal efficiency in Greenland is often in direct proportion to the goodness of the foot-gear.

Each lady has her own knife, and it looks like

a meat-chopper. It is as useful to her as a whole chest of cutlery. A black object that looks like a flat-iron minus the handle is a lamp, in which to burn dried moss or seal-blubber. The lamp itself is of oil-stone, and the up-to-date Eskimo is possessed of friction-matches. His forebears would have struck a light with flint and steel, or by rubbing sticks together.

Eskimo women are adepts at making wonderfully light, soft, fluffy garments and quilts of feathers, using especially those of the eider-duck and the auk. With narrow strips of sealskin, variously dyed, they make bags which call for such minutely laborious weaving as to suggest the Panama hat. The white fur of the Arctic hare is used to line warm and comfortable sealskin slippers. All these things find a ready market among Europeans, and the Danes are encouraging the manufacture, which is threatened by the output of swift, impersonal machines.

The children are not allowed merely to run at large following the wind's will: the Danes employ native teachers, and there is a primer called "A B D" (since the letter C is not in the native alphabet) which is illustrated by a Greenland artist most alluringly. It is but seldom that one comes upon a native who cannot read and write. The Danish language is part of the school cur-

riculum, but few of the Greenlanders get very far with it: they use their own speech mainly, with the addition of certain Danish words. If they are ambitious for a higher education, they repair to a seminary at Godthaab where they are taught theology, or are trained as schoolmasters. Some of them even venture as far afield as Copenhagen for the advancement of learning. Most of the books in the vernacular are prepared in the Danish capital: but some are issued at Godthaab, where the praiseworthy Müller, to whom reference has already been made, has spent a prolific lifetime in publishing Eskimo books and editing an Eskimo newspaper.

A marked difference between life in southern Greenland and that in the northern part of the island is due to the fact that in southern Greenland the climate and the orography do not permit of the use of dogs and sledges. To the Greenland dog-sledge, as a mean of getting over the trackless spaces, every explorer has paid tribute. On smooth ice, it can cover sixteen miles an hour. A team of eight dogs can transport 500 pounds, and the " husky " dog can curl up for the night under his own bushy tail in a snow-bank and live on next to nothing. But whereas in North Greenland the stations are connected by dog-teams between mid January and

late April, the broken ice of the fjords and bays in South Greenland does not permit of such intercommunication. Here, from October until April, each station must live its own self-sufficient life. Holsteinborg is the southernmost point at which dog-team traffic is practicable. Thus South Greenland misses one of the exhilarating features of winter life in Labrador and northern Newfoundland, as well as in the northern province of the great island itself. Despite the wolf in his blood, the Eskimo dog is an affectionate, intelligent, lively companion, and it is a pity that he cannot be used to mitigate South Greenland's wintry isolation.

VIII

ICE-BLINK

VIII

ICE-BLINK

Muk, the dachshund, hadn't been to his happy hunting ground at the end of the glacier for some time, and so we all went with him—Superintendent Jagd, Controller Essemann, the Architect, the valiant skipper of the motor-boat, and myself. This Arsuk glacier, which fires its heavy artillery into the fjord from the central ice-sheet some ten miles east of the mining settlement, is by no means the biggest in Greenland, where a frontage must be of fifty miles or so to be considered among the magnificent dimensions: but the Arsuk glacier will do very well, for though at the face it is but seventy feet high and 800 across, it comes down through the choked neck of a couloir, and at the top it immediately broadens through a wilderness of seracs and crevasses to the ice-sheet that covers four-fifths of Greenland and climbs to an average level of at least 7,000 feet above the sea. No man has been on this tumultuous cascade of ice, but it is feasible to ascend to the ridge above it and to ford icy streamlets to the moraine which it spews out: and that is what we now essayed to do.

As the motor-boat throbbed rhythmically

through the jade-green water toward the glacier, the architect and the skipper at the wheel were discoursing of ptarmigan, and rejoicing in the fact that if you couldn't hunt the toothsome fowl yourself you could buy one for less than three cents from a Greenlander. The Controller and I, sprawled on the tarpaulin over the cabin hatch, were tracing the contours on a great linen-backed map of the fjord, made by a Danish lieutenant in two years of lonely labor, and from a volume of the "Meddelelser" the Superintendent was expounding the archaic ruins of the Norse occupancy, which we were to seek out at Ellerslie Harbor after we had paid our respects to the glacier.

"Muk," asleep under a fold of his master's ulster with his head out, wiggled his nose to show that he dreamed he was on the trail of a blue fox. Muk is already nine years old, but he has never learned that you need legs that reach all the way from your body to the ground if you hope to become a hunting-dog.

Suddenly the Superintendent, moved by an intuitive flash of doom impending—or was it the puff of a chill breath in the air?—gave a horrified glance over his shoulder, and shouted "Giv agt!" ("Look out!") to the steersman in his glassed hutch at the stern. Barely in time, with a con-

vulsive wrench of the spokes the skipper threw the white nose of the craft away from the green, peaked ram of a little berg proudly starting on its way to the open sea at Davis Inlet, and apparently desirous of gaining the credit for a shipwreck—though of such a little ship—at the very start of its career. As we were going full speed ahead—something like eight miles an hour in these unruffled waters—a collision might have had serious results. There would have been little to choose between the impact of that hard, freshly-minted monolith of ice and that of a rock. If the boat didn't fill and go to the bottom, we would have to limp painfully home, and the vessel would be out of commission for a long time while they repaired her. . . . But what profit is there in the might-have-been of a catastrophe that we missed by at least a meter and a half? Muk twitched his whiskers, sighed, and settled his chin on his paws again: the Controller with his mellifluous, even voice resumed his reading at the line where he left off, pausing a few semicolons later to point out to me that the hillside yonder was clad—as by the heather-bloom—with the amethyst of Arctic violets.

We rounded a point—in Greenland one is forever rounding a point, and forever in a palpitation of suspense as to what lies just beyond

it—and there was the glacier's wide stairway between grim black mountain-walls to the "ice-blink." "Ice-blink" is the name given to that strange, auroral luminescence that glows in the sky over the glacier,—clear, lemon-yellow, almost white, when the south wind blows, and persuading the novice that the gray clouds have lifted, and that he sees the sunlight there. It is like the far-off incandescence over a sleeping city—but it does not carry the suggestion of people, and houses, and the stir of traffic beneath. Rather, it connotes something infinitely mysterious, eerie, other-worldly: you feel it is ether at last made visible: that here, almost at the end of the world's axis, on the very roof-top of all that is mundane, one might step off or fly through it, as through the Northern Lights by daytime, into the fathomless Beyond. And the fresh wonder of it never sleeps, nor dies away.

The rocks of Greenland scarcely shelve or slope, they go straight down, and the way to land here was to go to the lowest point of a cliff and scale it. We could not drive the boat further toward the gray sand spilled by the terminal moraine of the glacier, unless we cared to risk going hard and fast aground, or on rocks, in waters still more frigid from the boundless ice-supply at hand.

Arsuk Glacier

So the boat turned to the right, and Mr. Jagd leapt nimbly to the prow, boat-hook in hand, to grapple with the seaweed, or a projecting nubble, or a crevice made by frost. A man may wear a pince-nez and may be clad in tweeds, with a camera slung round his shoulders, and a Fedora on his head, and yet, though he stands over the cutwater of the newest sort of motor-boat in Greenland, his silhouette inevitably reverts in type to the first Norseman who ever poked and scared the sea-birds in these fjords that have not changed in a thousand years. Just round the bend behind us are all those electrical machines from Denmark bringing ore up from the mine, with the flash of electric lamps and the tocsin of electric bells—and now, in a few green miles of water, the centuries have dropped away, the mist of time has cleared to the primeval eld not merely of a Nibelungen Lied, or of the ages we call dark, but of geologic periods, of patient, slow attritions before man's written history. Eric the Red, if he came here, saw the same high mountains mirrored in the waters of an inlet or a tarn, the same reflections asleep where the violets spread their mantle on the hills—the same cascades purling and foaming over the crests from lakes that only the eagle, the raven and the reindeer-hunter see—the same upland valley, yellow

and green with moss, the dwarf willow and the alder, where the breezes whisper to the low music of a brook that runs like flashing light across the grains of a gray or golden sand. Wherever you go, it feels as though no man ever came here—or if one came, his lips were not moving: he was overawed: he stood a moment poised and hushed and fearful and then he went away and closed a door that has not been opened until now. And yet—over there at the head of Ellerslie Harbor, beyond the ridge, we shall find presently a few stones laid with the cunning of the hands of men, and left to tell their story, to one who cares to scale the mountainside to where they are.

On every hand the impenetrable mystery—on all sides the prehistoric dark enduring: that is what you find from the first moment to the last of a stay in Greenland. And that, beyond anything that you can exactly measure with your eyes, or touch with your fingers, is what allures, and brings you back, and makes you want to go on and on. It is not a walk, or a climb, or a hunt or a fishing-expedition that you incur each day: it is a rune, an epic or a saga. You begin to shake off your prattling and inconsequent modernity and take on the ancestors, not those of your family alone, but of the race.

But with this apostrophe to the ever-present

shades I am keeping the Superintendent waiting with his boat-hook in his hand. I supposed, of course, that he would do the conventional and customary thing and bring it down upon the rock, and draw us thither without too much harm to the paint from the barnacles: but I had to learn that nothing conventional or customary happens in Greenland. Instead of smiting the rock as with the rod of Aaron, or a seer at least, he drove it with an exclamation down into the water. He had seen a haddock slowly cruising there against the fronds of seaweed, and now after the thrust the fish was threshing vainly, with a roil of water that outdid our own quieted propeller. Very carefully and tenderly, that the fish might not wriggle himself back into the deep, he was lifted out to gasp his last in a narrow runway between the hatchway and the gunwale—and only two minutes ago he had the whole of the fjord or the strait to play about in, or might swim to Norway if he liked. Stiffening in death, he was not so great a fish after all: he measured but twenty-seven inches in length, and eight inches through from the spine. But why had he moved at a gait so languorous and torpid? We soon learned the reason. The tail of a smaller fish was in his mouth. The cannibal had swallowed another haddock, a foot long: it was so fresh he must

have taken it only the moment before the startling interruption to the meal.

Muk needed a deal of helping to the top of the ridge, but as soon as he got there he tried to follow all at once every scent that the wind carried to him, while his master was hooded by the focussing-cloth of his stolid Danish camera with its tripod firm as that of a Delphic oracle. I mobilized my own somewhat lighter photographic artillery near at hand.

" If we could sell this ice," said Mr. Jagd, with a sweep of his hand toward the ice-blink, " what a lot of money we could make! Then we would not have to worry about the hole that Greenland makes in the exchequer at Köbnhaavn! "

The glacier here comes down to the seaward channel at a rate of something less than two feet in twenty-four hours. In North Greenland the mightier ice-rivers, such as the titanic Humboldt Glacier, move sixty times as far in the same time. But the Arsuk Glacier, deliberate as it is, accompanies itself with plenty of noise as it comes down to tide-water. Every little while a big piece of the glacier tumbles into the fjord with the sound of the heavy guns along the front in France. It is like the tearing away of a rock-face in the kryolith mine when a blast of aerolite is touched off. The rocking splash as the infant

berg is launched creates a miniature tide of its own, as we found when we came nearer to the ice.

Meanwhile, Muk had succeeded in losing himself along a landscape that seems to have all the points of a mariner's compass and plenty besides. To lose yourself in Greenland all you have to do is to start out in a given direction. In this demesne of all that is fantastic and magical, given to tricks upon a man's cold-sober senses, the navigators complain that a compass will vary between thirty-five and one hundred and eighty degrees at sea—and who knows what it will not do upon dry land, or the eternal snow? At any rate, whatever faithful tales the nose of trained rabbit-hound or fox-hound might tell him, about the poorest path-finder of which I am aware would be the nose of an imported dachshund set ashore amid a lot of blueberry bushes twice as high as himself, scraping his middle along the granite schist with a polar bear ambition and less than a field-mouse ability to realize it.

Mr. Jagd abandoned his attempt to capture the panorama with the lens in order to retrieve his retriever with his dulcet tones. He clambered and yodeled and pried up the stones and parted the blueberry bushes, and the glacier and the mountain gave back in silvery cadence his plaintive intonations—which finally drew near to im-

precations. And still no Muk. Those three-inch legs would not take their owner a boat-length if he tired and chose to be carried: but now, perhaps, he emulated the design of a Koch or a Nansen or a Knud Rasmussen, and intended to cross the inland ice from Arsuk Fjord to Denmark Strait on the other side of Greenland. In vain we ransacked the horizon with our eyes and evoked the far echoes with our tongues. Each of us chose the least angular boulder, and sat down in the center of a cloud of midges for a breathing-spell.

With that provoking insouciance that a small dog knows so well how to assume, Muk now hove in sight over a polished knoll, his black hair shining from the wind and wave like the chevelure of a motion-picture hero. He loitered and dallied and had eyes for every cranny in the granite, but he had good reason not to look toward his master, and therefore he refrained. His owner would have liked to use only the moral suasion that an Eskimo parent would employ with an erring child, but so desperate a case of insubordination demanded a severer remedy. He picked the small dog up by the scruff of the neck—and he lifted several elastic inches before the dog came with the pelt. With a buckskin glove he roundly smacked, four times, the long knob of Muk's

Hohenzollern pate, which was shaped like the helmet of a Prussian Guard. He left an impressive interval between one blow and the next, while Muk, with twittering eyelids, and a guilty conscience at last in the depths of his dark eyes, awaited the next blow as if it were the descent of the guillotine. Then, the demands of justice having been satisfied, the master now saw fit to do as the Innuits would do with their bairns, and make the dog still sorrier, more abject and ashamed than at first he seemed to be, with a long oration in Danish. The orator was good enough to give me the gist of a translation afterward. It ran substantially as follows:

"Muk, do you remember how when you were a very young dog, and you first came to me, I gave you a young kitten, that had no father and no mother, to be your comrade? The kitten went and lay in your eider-down basket and for a long time you growled and circled about the basket and showed your white teeth and would not get in. Then, when you found it was a thing so small and harmless, your sense of chivalry was touched: you shared your soup and fish and milk with your protégée. I have often come upon you when you knew not of it, lying in the basket together, and the cat might be on top of your head or between your feet and you did not care. But

if another dog came by—you sprang to attention at once, and drew a circle of death around the basket, and woe be to any stranger dog that ventured a step nearer. You must recall the day when Wolf von Schierbrand, the neighbor's boarhound, came in, and might have made trouble for the cat. But you, with a perfect love for the cat casting out all fear of the other dog, rushed at the intruder and drove him forth howling. Nay, Muk, you cannot have forgotten all these things. You have surely not forgotten the eyes of love and reverence with which that homeless, orphaned pussy came to look upon you as her soldier and defender. And now, Muk, now what would she think, could she behold you from the hunting-ground where she has gone? If she looks upon you now, and sees your brazen disobedience how must her faith in you be shattered! You strayed away and you have kept four men, a motor-boat and two cameras waiting while a hunt was vainly made for you, and then you came back, loping furtively along, pretending that it made no difference, or that you did not know and did not care. Muk, what would your pedigreed father, Hildebrand Balthasar von Hindenburg, or your aristocratic mother, Irmingarde Ermintrude von Hildesheim the Second, have thought of such behavior, such arrant disloyalty to your overlord

and master? Do you not feel like weeping scalding, bitter tears of remorse and penitence upon their desecrated graves? . . . Go now, with shame and sorrow in your heart, and the high resolve that nevermore will you be guilty of such arrant, preposterous, callous disobedience to my behests. You have wasted the gentleman's time, and delayed our visit to the glacier for three-quarters of an hour, and there shall be the delicate and succulent bones of ptarmigan after supper but they shall not be for you: licking your wistful chops you shall see them thrown over the side of the boat to the haddock in the fjord. So, now, go to the gentleman, and lick his hands and his feet, but do not upset his camera, and tell him you are very, very sorry."

I have not done justice to the speech: I have been obliged to curtail it, but by the end of it the furry bundle that hung in air with the tail curled up and the ears flattened down was the saddest little morsel of dogdom—the sorriest alike for his crime and for himself—that I have ever seen. He did not disobey again for almost three hours. And the exhortation had lasted not more than three minutes.

Photographing the glacier at close range was not an easy matter. A wide beach of gray sand and mud,—the only beach I had seen since com-

ing to Greenland,—lay in front of it, gravel of the débris that the moraine brought down and belched forth. This beach was cut by three deep and rapid streams. The young architect with his hip-boots jumped in and stemmed the tide, to find out where the best fording-spots would be: and the current foamed and whirled about his legs, and sucked under and round the big stones as though it might bowl him over. But when he stood in the middle of the current to look about him and consider the further way, he was staunch as a rooted pine: this was the lusty, sturdy ring-leader of all the winter sports on skiis, and all the rushing gleefully about on the frozen fjord in the winter sunshine, sans the embarrassment of clothes. He heeded cold water as little as the eider-duck. When he had made sure of the best way to take, he returned and tucked up Mr. Jagd on his back and carried him across, even as a Greenland mother totes about her sleeping infant, hardly knowing it is on her shoulders.

Meanwhile, my camera and I had found another place where the transit could be effected without an upset. Once under the face of the glacier, it was a relatively easy business to unlimber and set up the apparatus. But getting the camera level in just the desired spot took time and care. It was as hard to make it stand firm

in that mushy consistency underfoot as it was to make the tripod dig in its toes sufficiently, on the gneiss against the wind upon the ridge above. Moreover, as you stood ankle-deep in the water, every time the glacier threw an obelisk of ice your way it sent a rushing wave about the camera-legs, and you feared that, while you fussed and focussed, the coign of vantage for the exact visual detail that you most wanted would be taken from you as you and your varnished box collapsed into the fjord together. Seven ravens flew overhead, croaking disaster: it was enough to make even a raven laugh to see a human pigmy impertinently coming, with so minute and inconsiderable a mechanism, to make a portrait of a glacier! Directly before me, above the tumbled profusion of ice-blocks, yawned the mouth of a deep, black cavern that seemed to admit to the glacier's inmost recesses, the very penetralia of the ice-king: and I had a strange stir of desire to go in, but it would have been a perfectly simian thing to do, for the whole superincumbent weight of the ice-mass above might crash upon the interloper at any minute. Indeed, from inside that gaping vent to the sunlight I heard weird roarings and groanings, a Fafner dragon-voice, as of a great heart burdened and ill at ease—or perhaps it was only the glacier's overtaxed digestion. A glacier

has to swallow and give forth again so many incongruous things—from sticks and stones to the torn bodies of men who venture a little too far to peer over the brink into the still inscrutable mysteries of Nature's vast power-house or laboratory, which nowhere and at no time does she bid man enter as her welcome guest. She seems to keep her secrets as long as she can, and she does not surrender them with a smiling grace.

As you plucked the legs of the camera out of the salty mud and plunged them into the pebbled gravel higher up with deference to the gnarled and tortured ice-fragments on every hand, the ceaseless bombardment of the fjord from the glacier-front put you in mind of the bombs that a volcano hurls, where on some crater-rim, as at Ætna or Kilauea or Vesuvius, a wise man sits in a stone hut like a lighthouse-keeper and takes note of the tremors and the ebullitions and publishes them to the world. When we have harnessed sun-power and sea-power and volcanic energy, what are we some day to do with the latent energy imprisoned in that incredible ice-sheet of Greenland? You cannot see even a small part of it, afar off, without a possessing conviction that here is an enormous, though at present unpredictable, value in units of power for the future, near or far, to capitalize. Greenland

of course has a future. It possesses at the present time but one important industrial concern, the kryolith mine: and that mine is being worked full-tilt with the idea that by 1939, when it returns to the Government, most if not all of the kryolith deposit now in prospect will have been exhausted. There are the furs and feathers and the native curios to help pay the bill for the Greenlanders: there are sharks' livers, and cod-fish and whales and walrus in the north; there is the ubiquitous and invaluable seal. And despite the fact that one Greenlander in four is consumptive, because he will hermetically enclose himself in his crowded hut, this is the grandest air for phthisis, and for all sorts of sanitoriums, that therapy could ask. But Greenland certainly has more to offer for the race, and for the assurance of its own ultimate and continued prosperity, than all the fruits of the sea, or the mere coldness of the ice, or the demonstrable benefits of non-bacterial, pure air. Meanwhile, even in the fisheries, there is more to do than ever man has done: the Danes expect one day that the land will be opened to other nations, when they have done their best by their own proconsulship in the name of Christian civilization: and the Norwegians, confident of their own powers, are somewhat impatiently telling them what they could do, had they the

unrestricted right to bring their fishing boats, with sail or motor, into the fjords and havens.

The Controller, whose first generous instinct is to help other people, and who patiently toted the legs of my camera about while I carried the rest of the instrument, gave me a written statement he had composed, setting forth the altruistic purposes of Denmark in Greenland as he conceived them. This is it:

" The object, we have sat us, it is to teach the Greenlanders to independence, it will say to a such maturity in moral and economy that they can be able to living in free coupled with the rest of the world, when Greenland now prevailing (once) in due time leave off.—The only way this can be reached, it is to bind Greenland so near possible to Denmark and in so great extent as it is possible to carry to the land danish civilization and culture.—When it out of regard to the people can conscienced, the monopoly will be break off.

" When wee now will give foreign peoples and ships permission to Greenland, will the Greenlanders be worksmen on the foreign ships and no self depented tradesmen."

To return to our glacier, I wanted to know how fast those three streams, into which the main stream divided, were running toward the fjord.

Eskifjörd Harbour
(Norse dwellings in lower left hand corner)

For the water swirling past one's knees felt very swift as well as very cold. I made a ball of paper and threw it in the rushing water, accompanying it along the bank for some distance and accommodating my pace to it as it swept along where there was no impediment to keep it from traveling as fast as the water. I should have said, offhand, that the current was moving at a rate of six or seven miles an hour. I found, to my surprise, that it was going no faster than the customary brisk walking-pace of four miles an hour. The foam and the disturbance created a pretentious illusion of rapid transit not borne out by the actuality.

Aboard the boat again, we sat down to a most delicious luncheon, in which ptarmigan was the chief item. The day before at Arsuk I had eaten the bird for the first time: it is a dish for which Olympian nectar and ambrosia should readily be surrendered, especially if rightly browned, with oodles of brown gravy, and roast potatoes. Apparently Muk's master forgot his stern veto, and the little dog got the bones by the stove in the corner after all.

We jigged across to a rock-wall at what are called the Bird Rocks near Fox Fall, because I wanted to get an abandoned gull's nest to investigate its contents with the microscope for

diatoms. The gulls had now deserted their nests for the season. The year before, the moss of the turf roundabout Fox Fall took fire and burned like peat, and the clouds of smoke sweeping over the landscape drove away the setting gulls, which later came back and laid another couple of eggs on the disordered mass of twigs and feathers that they choose to consider a nest. The architecture does not invite admiration, but the way the birds make the hodge-podge stick to a vertical surface as a fungus adheres to the trunk of a tree is extraordinary. The motor-boat was driven right up to the wall as neatly as a motor-car comes to a curb, and the skipper reached up with the boat-hook that had done for the haddock and raffed down two nests that would not again be required by their former occupants. They were indeed a sorry mess, and any tidy little bird of southern climes would abhor them. But under a microscope they should show the presence of the minute forms of animal or vegetable life on which the birds feed, and thus help to answer vexed problems of the direction of ocean currents. The rock itself went up for more than a thousand sheer feet, and only a bird could have found lodgment upon it: here, except near the water, any fowl might raise a brood in the assurance that it would remain unmolested.

Not far distant was Fox Fall, tumbling down from a lake on heights untrodden and unseen save by the hunter,—the second largest cataract, I was told, in South Greenland,—and a capitalist would be likely to regard it with an appraising eye and a mind at work calculating its productive energy in terms of kilowatts. Transplanted to where the autobus can run and the barker publish its torrential beauty, it would be a lodestone of tourists: here it spills into its solitary valley unregarded save by the water-fowl and the man behind the gun in quest of it. The drop is twice Niagara's height at least, but on the grand scale of the landscape a little way off, its foaming cascades seem no more than a motionless white stripe against the rock.

The possibility of turning water into an ally instead of an enemy, a servant in the house instead of a cruel, boisterous elemental to be fought and downed is a concept foreign to an Eskimo's way of thinking; but he is surprised at nothing that the white man can do, and he will accept a hydroelectric installation as calmly as he took the hydroplane.

The Eskimo has more water than he needs, especially as he never bathes in it except by accident. His theory of the flood is that the whole world upset into the sea. The Noah of

the North was the one man who crawled out on the ice when everybody else was drowned—but how he managed to start the world all over again, all by himself, without the aid of members of the family and an ark-load of animals, is not explained. The fact that a whale was found at the top of a mountain and that shells are seen beyond the tide is all the proof that is wanted.

We landed on another spit of rock across the channel for a peep into one of the hunters' refuge-huts, put up by the Superintendent's thoughtfulness, and a vital matter to any caught in a blizzard amid these desolate hills where even the polar bear finds a congenial habitat. This hut, you could see from its rafters, had once been part of a ship. It was, in fact, the hospital cabin on a vessel engaged in Danish trade with the West Indies, before Denmark gave over the Virgin Islands to the United States in exchange for $25,000,000 and our presumptive rights in North Greenland. Another of these huts was once the bread-box of a ship, and a third used to be a pump-house for the kryolith mine.

This hut had been visited before us by a polar bear, who had been seen and killed by hunters. The bear had broken the shield of oaken boards as well as the glass, reached in at a window, and pulled from a ceiling hook the coffee-pot, lid and

all, which it yanked out on the snow and proceeded to investigate. More peaceful, human visitors had been there only twenty-three days before, from the date of their poetic missive laid on the table. The versified message might be translated:

> "This hut upon the hillside as you find it
> Lacks only tender womanhood to mind it."

As though it were a votive offering to the unknown goddess, there stood beside the signed and folded scripture a pickle-jar with long tasseled brown grasses and green leaves, in a bouquet as fresh in this preservative atmosphere as it was on the day it was put there. In one corner of the room was a cupboard with china, in another a cabinet of cereals and preserved meat; there was a bunk with burlap bedding, and beside the door were bags of coal. There was a lamp in good condition and a can of oil to fill it. The storm-bound hunter might play Crusoe here indefinitely, and with a ptarmigan now and then his larder would be well supplied—he would not even need a man Friday to fetch and carry for him.

As we stepped aboard the motor-boat to go to the Norse ruins at the head of Ellerslie Harbor, close at hand we saw on the face of the waters round the boat a phenomenon not a whit less

beautiful than the Northern Lights themselves. The oil from the engine was spread over the rippleless surface like a peacock's plumage. The hues were precisely counterfeited, and in the midst of the iridescence, the rainbow sheen and shimmer, were the " eyes " just as they are set in place upon the green and gold of the feathers. It was a painting in oil made possible by the peculiar jade-green hue of the surface of the fjord, mirroring like a tinted photograph the crags and clouds and willow-softened, moss-banked hillsides.

IX

OLD FIGHTING-FELLOWS

IX

OLD FIGHTING-FELLOWS

We were going to see the place where Norsemen had planted one of their upland, inland farms a thousand years before. This site is at the head of Ellerslie Harbor, on the side of a wild, rocky glen where clansmen of Lorna Doone would have found a congenial abode, untroubled by the world's alarums, to say nothing of the officers of excise and the law.

The Norsemen sought the best pasturage for their cattle, carrying to Greenland the ideal of an Iceland or even a northern Norwegian farm, while the aborigines put their huts at the shore, within easy reach of the open sea: it was the difference between farmers and fishermen. This dale between the mountains at the bend of Ellerslie Harbor is what in Greenland is looked upon as a garden-spot: under the northern mountain wall there are said to be places where the dwarf willow, usually knee-deep, grows twice as high as a man, but I did not have an opportunity to spy out and enjoy the big trees and their cooling shade except through a glass from a distance.

About a quarter of a mile above the still reflection of the verdure in the water we came on what was much more clearly the ruin of a building than most of the apparently casual arrangements of stones that have been so zealously surveyed by archæologists for traces of European pioneers. This was an oblong of stone walls, lichened and gray, such as those which surround a New England or Pennsylvania cow-pasture, and are frequently used to-day by gentlemen farmers as quarries of material for new bungalows upon abandoned farms. The walls stand about four feet high, the enclosure measures about sixteen feet in length by seven or eight in breadth, and at one end is an aperture for a doorway, with a stone near it that probably served as a fireplace. That stone is important, for it assigns the house to a later period than those which did not have such an architectural feature. There is no trace of a roof, and this means that the roof was of wood, which is also a feature of a later period, since the first houses were built of nothing but stone. It would have been tempting to grub underground and in the walls—but it is perfectly obvious to any student of such things that it would be nothing short of a crime to let a tyro come to any of these Norse ruins and disarrange or disinter to suit himself. For when there is

nothing but a ring or oblong of weather-beaten stones to tell the story of a colony that was lost for about 300 years till John Davis came this way in 1585, it is of extreme historical importance that every one of those stones should be allowed to stand exactly where it is, no matter what may be under and between them. A single small stone may determine the size and site of an entrance, though it looks as if it had been fortuitously dropped where it stands. It is the business of none but the man of science to dig below the surface, and he must be just as careful as Howard Carter has been in Egypt's Valley of the Kings, for he is tearing at the gossamer web of a most delicate fabric of the storied past, every fragment of which is increasingly precious. Suppose a tourist came here and by way of a lark sent some of these boulders crashing down the slope from the top of the wall, for the holiday pastime of rousing the echoes: in twenty minutes he could rob posterity beyond repair of its inherent right in the ancient memorials. One dreads the coming of a day when picnic parties shall leave their paper, eggshells and pink string upon such noble landmarks, and scratch their names upon the stones beside the half-obliterated runes that are still to be seen in other parts of Greenland, on the graves of the adventurers of

old whose every sunrise brought the promise of a great adventure.

The printed page can tell us little more of those Norsemen of Ellerslie Harbor than that they came and vanished: the wraiths of the gray mist descending from the mountain-top enfold all memory or tradition. It is not known who they were, or where they sleep. There are a few other traces of their occupancy here, among the gnats and the dwarf willows. A little farther up the slope is a big rock with a hole under it and a sprinkling of cobblestones before it. This is supposed to have been a cattle-byre where the sheep and goats might creep in time of storm, or hibernate in winter, if they did not perish in the first intolerable cold. Daniel Bruun, the pre-eminent authority on the Norse ruins of Greenland, has had the patience to sift out the soil wherever he could find what was once a kitchen-midden or refuse-heap, and has studied the bones of cattle found therein, to determine of what species they were, and what age they attained. He detected the site of the middens by noticing that the grass was more luxuriant there than elsewhere. He found in the refuse the bones of seals, with the harp seal predominating, and the bones of oxen and goats beside them, whence he concluded that the Norsemen sustained life as

much by the capture of seals as by the breeding of cattle. The similar ancient farms of Iceland to-day perpetuate the domestic economy of the first aliens in Greenland. Just as the cows in Iceland spend the winter in dark stalls under a roof, so cattle lived within-doors, sometimes eating twigs or fish, in Greenland. Eric the Red's farm in Iceland sheds light on his homestead in the new country, still to be seen in the vicinity of Julianehaab.

Sandstone and granite formed the best building material: such stone was not to be had in all the fjords, and where it was not on hand grass turf and earth were used—which is the reason why so few buildings have survived a thousand Greenland winters. Driftwood and the birch-tree supplied the only suitable timber. The best-preserved enclosures are those in which earth and turf had been used as a " tightening " between the stones. The outbuildings in which blubber, fish or hay for the cattle were kept were commonly minus this crude sort of cement. Bits of charcoal carefully examined show that birch was used as fuel, with spruce fir, some of which was imported. The floor of a house was of hard-trodden clay or gravel: the fire was built in a deep hole lined with stones, or put on a flat stone, as at Ellerslie Harbor. Along the walls the levelled

places show that there were sleeping platforms. Gutters were dug to lead off the copious rain-water. Roofs were of grass turf over rafters, and smoke-holes were left as in Iceland or the Faroe Islands. Soap-stone fragments are found of the weights that were used on looms or fishing-nets. Beside them one comes upon iron knives and nails, bone quoits, spinning-stones, mill-stones. Few of these bear any trace of an artistic instinct in the shaping. Modern Eskimo curios are more picturesque.

In the refuse heaps together with the bones of the domestic animals, including dogs, there are the remains of Arctic fox, polar bear, walrus, seal, reindeer, but not the Arctic hare. The absence of fish and bird refuse is explained by the fact that it was thrown into the sea, eaten by the dogs, or burnt. Every waste-heap was a sort of culm-pile for winter fuel.

Besides catching the seals in the fjords, and sometimes a whale in the sea, the Norsemen hunted the reindeer and built shelter huts for the purpose. Traps of piled stones with trap-doors were built for the fox, the wolf, and the bear. In the earlier period of their occupancy the Norsemen undertook long voyages to the north, but when their ships wore out and they could not build more they were increasingly inclined

to live at home. In 1189 they sent to Iceland a boat which had not a piece of iron anywhere: its rigging was secured by leather straps. For the iron and corn which they so much needed to procure from Europe they gave walrus tusks, and some of these were used to pay the tithes of the Crusaders. They could also send to Europe skins of various sorts, ropes made of walrus hides, and fabric of wool, made in the plentiful winter nights. Daniel Bruun draws a picture of the narrow and narrowing lives they led. Realizing their intellectual isolation, they besought the Pope, in 1100, to send priests to the country. Among their few diversions were brief rides on horseback where the conformation of the soil permitted, boat-trips and sledge-journeys. At several points in Godthaabsfjord are rows of stones where they indulged in the primitive game of hopping up and down on one leg over the stones. It does not seem to have required much brain to invent that pastime. They had archery, however, and trials of strength and prowess in wrestling, or lifting and hurling the stones, of which there is never a shortage in Greenland. Their outdoor playground or gymnasium equipment was certainly inexpensive. Drinking was not included in their social scheme, for they had no malt, and they could not brew beer, though

the modern Eskimo make a fermented liquor of the blueberry.

There are fearful pictures in ancient tomes of the manner in which the Skraelings, as the Norsemen named the Eskimo, were supposed to have done to death the foreign invaders on whose history the curtain blankly descended, to remain down from the latter part of the thirteenth to the end of the sixteenth century. But the patient students of the circumpolar enigma of the past, measuring with infinite labor the bones in the old graves, have shown how, as time went on, the physical frames of the Norsemen, hemmed in as they were by their bitter, estranging environment, grew less and less sturdy, and the rugged fibre of the sound ancestral stock deteriorated. The bones tell their own story: they grow smaller and weaker from the scions of one generation to those of the next. The slow attrition that ground away the northern rocks wore out the lives of the sturdiest of European peoples. The extirpation was accomplished less by the inhumanities of that singularly peaceable and inoffensive folk, the Eskimo, than by the insidious processes of decadence among those who had no refining contacts in their lives to retard a relapse into barbarism such as that from which even the civilized nations of the twentieth century, with all the arts

of peace, the resources of culture and commerce, and the whole of the rich heritage of the modern world in their possession, have not been exempt.

But before they fell on these evil days, the Norsemen in Greenland lived a stirring chapter of history, and they had at least one leader who is among the most picturesque outlaws who have enlivened the diary of the human race. This gallant gentleman was Eric the Red: and the school children of Norway and Iceland still familiarize themselves with his career, though their teachers are careful to point out that in this enlightened age they are not supposed to model their conduct upon his behavior in his relatively savage era.

Eric the Red is called in one of the Sagas " the first to found and inhabit Greenland." His life was indeed carmine-tinted from beginning to end. There was another Eric, whose other name was Bloody-axe, conqueror of Thorfinn the Skull-Splitter, but Eric the Red was much redder than he. He has a Saga all of his own. From this we learn that Eric, born at Jaederen, Norway, in the middle of the tenth century, went with his father to Iceland when the paternal Red, whose name was Thorvald, had to flee from his native land because he had committed manslaughter. Most of the good soil of the island

was already occupied by farmers, and Thorvald was obliged to stake out a claim where nobody else cared to live. This he found among the Hornstrands, which are uncompromising mountain-peaks on the peninsula at the northwest corner of Iceland. One of the few who had ever been there before him was a Viking with the portentous name of Hella-Biorn, who sailed thither in a ship whose sides were entirely plated with warriors' shields. All winter long, and sometimes in summer, the ice barred access to Thorvald's world-end. To get to the mainland one had to scale a chain of seven mountain peaks or traverse a glacier. The farm, Drangar, is still occupied to-day. The people there know nothing of its history. But the environment must be very much what it was in Eric's lively boyhood. Still the eider-duck swarm upon the sea-crags, and the seals are caught offshore. There is driftwood to be retrieved from the bay, there are goats and cows to be milked as in the time when Thorvald turned his hand from manslaughter to drying fish or cutting and storing what might pass for hay. Nearly two hundred years ago two Iceland authors who visited the spot had their blood chilled by the uproar of mountains tumbling down about their ears and burying the landscape in the rock-dust. The cattle and horses

were crazed with fear but had no place to which they might stampede. It was a fit training-ground for a young outlaw who must be taught fearlessness and self-sufficiency.

While Eric was still a young man, his father died, and Eric thereupon married Thiodhild, lineal descendant of Ulf the Squint-Eyed. After his marriage he returned to Norway for a time, to visit Earl Haakon, who ruled northern Norway under King Harold Bluetooth. In those days if a man had anything the matter with his face or form, they put it into his name. Thus we have Bue the Thick, Harold Greyskin, Swend Forkbeard, Thord the Short, Thorvid the Stammerer, Magnus the Blind, Einar Wry-mouth. Eric by his marriage to Thiodhild had linked himself to the social register: she probably found life harsh and crude at Drangar, and when Eric returned from Norway she persuaded him to take her back to her native land at Haukedaal. That was not very far away: it was still in Iceland, eighty miles south of Eric's farm, but to get there was a matter of sending the cattle across the mountains and sailing round the capes into a fjord whose entrance is endangered by reefs and a swift current. On the shore of a fresh-water lake where the gnats swarmed, lived Eric's mother-in-law. He passed hastily by her home,

and cleared the ground for a house of his own a little farther on. He called the homestead Ericsstad, Eric's place. The ruins of the house are still to be seen.

We can imagine how restive one of his ardent mettle became in this sedentary, pastoral life almost under the eaves and eaves-droppers of his wife's family. He was bound to start something, for he was a first-class hater and a hard hitter. His favorite pastime was a pitched battle. Without the least apparent show of right on his side, he picked a quarrel, and began one of those senseless feuds which abound in the Sagas as in eastern Tennessee or West Virginia. The genesis of the brawl was this: A slave of Eric went up on the mountain and started a landslide of friable rock which descended upon the farm of Eric's next-door neighbor, Valthiof. Then Valthiof's cousin Eyolf retaliated by killing several of Eric's slaves, in order to make sure that the culprit was included. Eric strolled over to Valthiof's place and killed Eyolf, and likewise Hrafu, who had taken up the cudgels, or at any rate the big stones, in behalf of Eyolf.

So of course Eyolf's kinsmen, Geirsteinn and Odd, were drawn into the misunderstanding. Cautious men, they brought an action against Eric for manslaughter. He was let off easily—

A Norse Stabel
(The boulder in the background at the center)

the penalty was simply that he was banished from Haukedaal. Life for Eric's wife was one long moving-day. On this occasion, however, Eric moved a very little way—to rocky islets in the mouth of the same fjord. There he lent a neighboring peasant some bench legs, and then—just why, we do not know—took to his own legs and hiked on to still another eligible site. When after a time he wanted his precious bits of lumber back, the man to whom he "lent" them would not give them up. So Eric came and took them, and the peasant pursued him. They staged a glorious fight in the middle of a lonesome intervale with only the birds to behold it: two of the peasant's sons fell in the battle, and several other men. Then, like Gallic chieftains, they both gathered all the friends and relatives they could mobilize from anywhere, and any who owed them money, and had a bigger and better fracas. As a result, Eric and those who rallied to his standard were declared outlaws—but the future founder of Greenland was getting used to banishment. Eric took his men and secretly fitted out a ship, to sail with them westward to Greenland, the land which Gunnbiorn, son of Ulf the Crow, had seen when the storm drove him westward past Iceland. It had begun to seem to Eric and his kindred spirits that the civilized earth as represented by

Norway and Iceland was getting too small for their liberal, imperious spirits.

While Eric and his friends were building their ship and fitting out their bold expedition amid the sea-isles, their enemies scoured the coast for them. Tradition has it that the bird-nursery where Eric's band took refuge had trees, with which he hid his building operations: there are no trees to be seen there to-day. "But there is absolutely no doubt," says Daniel Bruun, "of the Greenland expedition having started from here."

On the mainland at Stykkisholm, the Thing-stead, or court,—"thing" meaning "to speak," —met each summer in a house of sods spread with a tent-cloth, and when the judges were not busy hearing evidence and pronouncing sentence they played tag, and tug-of-war, and wrestled and threw stones, just as bench and bar might take to the golf-links between leets and law-courts nowadays. For a period of three years only—certainly a very light penalty for his misdeeds—the court proclaimed Eric an outlaw—and when a court had done a thing like that to you, you were legally bound to "disappear." As there was no police force in Iceland, those who sentenced a man had to carry out their own sentence—which is one good reason why they hesi-

tated to pronounce a death-sentence in Eric's case.

By law, Eric was allowed to visit his own home before he was finally turned loose like a fox so that any man might kill him at sight with impunity. It was a little hard to say where Eric's true home might be, so shifty had he been in the matter of his residence since his father was exiled for a similar crime. At any rate, before long he had said farewell to some of his boon companions, and started with the rest for the almost undiscovered country. We have the list of those who sailed with him and were given a fjord apiece—as generous an allotment as that to the Dutch patroons who took up the estates along the Hudson between New York and Albany.

The colony of these doughty forerunners was divided in two parts, called respectively the eastern and the western settlements. The eastern, eventually built up to include 190 farms, twelve churches and two convents, reached through what is to-day the district of Julianehaab from Cape Farewell to the Eskimo hamlet of Tigssaluk, north of Arsuk Fjord. This is the region that contains the Ivigtut kryolith-mine, Arsuk and the Ellerslie Harbor ruins. In the vicinity of Julianehaab, the ruins are especially numerous and well-preserved.

It meant six days of rowing to get from the eastern settlement to the western—or from what we should probably call the southern to the northern. The land between lay desolate. The western settlement was called the "good hope" district, and its capital, Godthaab, perpetuates that cheerful appellation. Eric, leaving Iceland because he must, meant to bestow names that would sound enticing to those he left behind him, and draw colonizers, and he is generally given credit for bestowing the name on Greenland itself, a title which might more appropriately be exchanged for that of Iceland, though parts of South Greenland, both the water and the land, are as verdant as anything that nature has to show. Godthaab at the height of its puissance under the Norsemen had ninety farms and four churches. Nearly all of the 280 farms in the two settlements have been located by the patient research of the Moravian missionaries, of whom Hans Egede in 1721 was the noble pioneer, and by the Danish savants whose researches appear in volume after volume of that magnificent work the "Meddelselser om Grönland" which we have had occasion to cite already, a work indispensable to any who would go behind the usual commercial returns to "the soul and the soil" of this mysterious and fascinating land.

The Norse colonists, as we have seen, attempted to transfer unaltered to their new environment the mode of living that they knew at home. The year of their first migration was 985 or 986: by 1000, both the eastern and the western settlements were at the flood-tide of their prosperity. Besides the chiefs with their households, the thralls and the freeborn men, there was no small number of those who in Canada or Australia would be called "ticket-of-leave" men—those who, like the founder, came away from Iceland or Norway because the law compelled it. Here from a Saga is the succinct biography of one of these who came in Eric's time:

"Helgi came there, grew up and was strong. He was deemed an excellent man. There were sent assassins out to take his life but they did not succeed in trapping him. Helgi died whilst out fishing and his death was considered a great loss." Substitute Olaf, Thorkel, Ulf, Harald, Sigurd, Trygve or what name you please for that of Helgi, and you will have the life history of many a man in either settlement, as far as you are likely to get it from any narrative of his own period: and the gravestones were laconic.

From Eric's own farm at Brattahlid near Julianehaab where the founder lived in singular amity with the colonists, and was treated with all

the deference that would be accorded to the colony's chief magistrate or "law-speaker," Eric's son Leif had sailed in the year 999 directly for Norway—probably the first time this voyage was made without a half-way halt at Iceland. What happened to Leif in Norway is the theme of a chapter in King Olaf Trygvesson's Saga, one of the historical documents with which every Norwegian school-child is thoroughly familiar. This is the entire chapter:

Chapter XCIII. Of the Baptism of Leif Ericsson.—Leif, a son of Eric the Red, who first settled in Greenland, came this summer from Greenland to Norway, and as he met King Olaf he adopted Christianity, and passed the winter with the king.

A tremendous event for Leif and for Greenland, but the Judgment Day itself could scarcely upset the equipoise of one who penned a Saga.

But the Saga of Eric the Red tells us more. We are informed: "The King paid him great honor, being of the opinion that he was a well-educated man. One day the King spoke to Leif: 'Thinkest thou of traveling in the summer to Greenland?'

"'It is my intention, if thou agreest.'

"'Yes, I am of the opinion, that it would be

well, and thou shalt travel on my errand, and proclaim Christianity to the people.' "

Leif demurred a little, saying that the task was a hard one: but the King reassured him, telling Leif that he knew of no one more likely to succeed.

Leif certainly sailed home by the longest way round, for on his way he took in Vineland, and ever since his day the historiographers have been trying to locate the vines,—which were grape-vines,—at many points along the North American coast, including Nova Scotia, Massachusetts, and even Virginia. It is quite possible that Columbus before sailing on his epochal voyage possessed himself in Iceland of the data pertaining to Leif's expedition. When Leif got back to Greenland he had won his spurs: men called him Leif the Lucky. The first thing he did was to convert his mother Thiodhild to Christianity, and with King Olaf's proclamation behind Leif's own evangel the people, except Eric the Red, came over to the new religion. Eric would have none of it. The redoubtable old pagan was cheerfully ready to die in his sins. He did not, however, actively oppose the new order. But Thiodhild was such a flaming zealot for the faith that—to Eric's consternation—she would have no more to do with her husband. She built a church, and

spent much of the time therein at prayer with the converts.

Eric could not be persuaded to visit the land his son had found. In an addition to King Olaf's Saga—an interpolation supposed to have been made about a hundred years before the journey of Columbus—it is related:

"Leif begged his father Eric to go as commander of the expedition, but he excused himself, saying he was getting old, and not so able as formerly to undergo the hardships of a sea-voyage. Leif insisted that he among all their relations was the most likely to have good luck on such an expedition: and Eric consented and rode home with Leif when they had got all ready for sea; but when they were coming near to the ship the horse on which Eric was riding stumbled, and he fell from the horse and hurt his foot. 'It is not destined,' said Eric, 'that I should discover more lands than this of Greenland, on which we dwell and live; and now we must not run hastily into this adventure.' Eric accordingly returned home to Brattahlid; but Leif, with his comrades, in all thirty-five men, rigged out their vessel."

The Vineland journeys took place in 1003–06. Eric died in 1021 and Leif inherited the farm at Brattahlid. With the death of Leif, the golden age of the Norsemen in Greenland was over.

Thenceforward what Europe knew of them was chiefly hearsay, and after the Black Plague in the middle of the fourteenth century, which must have spread to the island from Bergen, comes the silence of the Arctic night upon the northern seas.

Our knowledge of Eskimo life and history today, and the very salvation of the aboriginal people of the land, are due in the main to what the Danes have done and are doing. Says Dr. Knud Rasmussen in the address on "The Fifth Thule Expedition" to which reference has been made: "For over two hundred years the fate of the West Greenland Eskimo has been in our hands; and since 1921 the whole of Greenland has been a Danish colony. The general knowledge of Eskimo culture which has penetrated to the outer world is very largely due to the literary and scientific work of Danish investigators. . . . The classical works of the eighteenth century on Eskimo life and culture are almost entirely Danish. The first detailed description of an Eskimo tribe is that of the missionary Hans Egede, dealing with the West Greenlanders. His son, Paul Egede, continued the work. . . . The diaries of Glahn, the priest, and the account written by the trader Dalager . . . afford material of permanent value. Otto Fabricius, again, who was not only a priest but a naturalist,

has given an excellent account of the Eskimos' hunting implements and their methods. . . . In the nineteenth century, it is likewise a Dane who lays the foundations for a scientific study of the Eskimo. This was Dr. Henry Rink, the first to make a systematic collection of folk-lore. And finally, in our own time, we have Gustave Holm, who has described the hitherto unknown Eskimo of Angmagsalik. His work on the culture of these people is recognized throughout the world as the very model of an ethnographical monograph. You will, I think, consider it only natural that I should make special mention of Danish work in this field."

X

VIKING TRAIL

X

VIKING TRAIL

Dr. Rasmussen has found and put in an album most of the ninety sorts of flowering plants there are at Ivigtut. He showed me in this herbarium the azalea, dandelion, heather, lycopodium, violets, rhododendron, blackberry, blueberry, poppy, willow of several colors, orchids of four kinds, many species of saxifrage, and the bluebell, to mention but a few of the long list. You will encounter many of these if you will but make the pathless pilgrimage to the top of Gunbarrel (Guldfjeld) Hill, 1,300 feet above the fjord: and the peculiar pleasure of such a climb is that all the way from the water's edge you have a broadening view, since none of the vegetation reaches higher than your knee. The mountain—one of endless tumultuous ranges in all directions, far as the eye can see—bears a distant resemblance to Arthur's Seat above Edinburgh, but it is much taller and more forbidding. You do not see the top from Ivigtut—merely the serrated crest of an intervening ridge. The peak whence there is the outlook to the mouth of the fjord and over Davis Strait lies half a mile be-

yond the broken rim of the bowl that encloses the mining settlement.

They gave me two hours to make the trip up and back, and I found an hour and seventeen minutes enough, including the halt at the summit. In spite of the ceaseless processes of weathering and the frosty contractions and expansions of the seasons, most of the granite schist or gneiss is good, hard, durable rock that can be trusted for handhold or foothold, and, because of the want of trees, one is spared those windfalls, piled criss-cross like a game of jackstraws, that often make such hard going in the White Mountains or the Adirondacks. There is none of the frog-in-the-well slipping back on a slope of broken scree, because if you do not care for the places where the rubble lies, you can swing off at the side, and find a sufficiently firm though resilient footing on the finest imaginable mosses. Such moss I do not expect to see again till I return to Eric the Red's country. Some of it was almost as yellow as the buttercup or dandelion: some was deep emerald: and it never seemed to slip away from the rock which it cushioned to let your foot down into a crevice at the risk of a wrenched ankle, as is the danger when you step on moss amid our mountains at home. Innumerable foreheads of rock presented terraces like the

Pyramid of Cheops, and as you came to each you thought at first you might have to scale the rock buttress itself, up and over, and then you invariably found a place where the turf came down through a chimney and offered a springy pathway. All the way, it was like the upper reaches of the Presidential Range of the White Mountains, on whose bare summits, it is well known, there is a replica of sub-Arctic flora and geology.

Once on the top of the ridge, you saw clearly how easy it is for a hunter to lose his way in the trackless waste, where even a compass is likely to tell him a big lie unless he knows the variation. For if you find yourself in a pocket amid the rocks, shut out from the headlands and coves that you have seen below, you might as well turn one way as another: it all looks the same. In this part of Greenland surveyors have determined a few contours, made a few scaled maps, and bestowed a few names, but of the rest of more than 800,000 square miles the charts have very little to say, except to point to the white "land of counterpane" that is the dazzling central ice-sheet, and indicate by a dotted line across the waste the track of a mere handful of bold explorers. Those footsteps across the blank area, put on a map, make it look as though the country

had been changed from the " unexplored " to the explored category, but the next gale, as it obliterates the track, laughs in its fury—the passage has been as transient a thing as the furrow made by a keel in the sea.

We look out upon that central ice-sheet from the apex of Gun-barrel Hill—a point on the crags where long ago somebody put on a stick of driftwood what might pass for a gun-barrel, a rusty iron rod with holes at one end where a stock used to fit, and a rivet screwed at the other. The distant ice-sheet looks like a hopeless place for men to go, unless they could float over it in such planes as our American flyers brought to Ivigtut in 1924 and to Etah in 1925. That was a demonstration important to Greenland. When winged men have established here a permanent base, no longer will it be of necessity a tossing sea-trail of between ten days and a fortnight either to Denmark or to Philadelphia. Out yonder, over Davis Strait to Labrador, it took the flyers but six hours where we shall need three or four days—and it was there, off Storö Island, that our captain once waited twenty-eight days for the ice to let him get into the haven where he would be.

What a landscape, and what an awe-inspiring " desolation "—the word that sprang to the lips of John Davis the pioneer and led him to give

Remains of a Norse Dwelling
(Entrance in centre)

that name to the Cape to the southward! "I hate an anonymous landscape," said Max O'Rell; and he said it in populous America. What language of dislike would he have found for all these still unchristened forelands, headlands, bays, jokulls, umanaks, islets, inlets, glaciers and white minarets of silence? It is as though the solitary footfall of the trespasser were amid the mountains of the moon. Come here if you would persuade yourself that there is plenty of room left in the world. Not a sail is on that ocean, where the icebergs cruise in lieu of swelling canvas, taking the sunlight on their glittering tops. They wait there as if they knew our ship was in the harbor, and they wanted to fall on her and rend her, as she came out, like swordfish with the whale. Even so the gulls wait about the entrance till they know the ice at the foot of the Bird Rocks has disappeared: then they flock in to build their nests and rear their young. But, for the moment, there is not even a bird in the flawless air upon this height. Between this standpoint and the very top of the world there is nothing at sea except the two little ships of MacMillan and the planes they carry. Down below, a pit in the rock two hundred feet deep and a thousand feet across, the work of man's hands, looked tremendous: and it took sixty

years to dig: seen from this eyrie where we are now, the Panama Canal itself would be a trifling incision, a gash in the face of Nature that a few hours might serve to heal. And across the Strait, from the hoary head of Kugnat, streaming like the Matterhorn in its robes of snow and ice and cloud, seems to come again the ring of that sardonic laughter which the Eskimo think they hear on a wild night, amid the spirits of the dead at play.

When you begin once more to relate yourself to the landscape, and consider the short way down, you realize exuberantly that a climb which in America would have left you a little scant of breath, or sensitive in a few tendons, has not tired you at all. You feel the exhilaration that is in those inspiring words: "He shall give his angels charge over thee to bear thee up lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." As though celestially befriended, as if you could not fall, you leap securely downward, rock by rock, from one close-textured moss-shred to the next. You come to a rugged brink and say: "Surely, the step-off into space is here—there is a cliff below: I must retrace my steps." And lo! it is not so at all—the way opens out before you at the last moment, like a fissure in the mountains as you come in from the sea. There is a downward stair,

after all,—there is more below you than a view. But it is not so with the wall that Kugnat turns to you across the water: as you look out from your eyrie you wonder how even an eagle with his hooked hands could cling anywhere on such a sheer descent: if you were climbing that lordly eminence you would have to keep away from this repellent face of it altogether.

The air,—not cold and nipping on this still, peaceful afternoon,—is a bringer of new life with every inhalation. It goes further than the intoxicated physical senses—it whispers to the inner being. How good God is to His world, and how little His world deserves it! What a luxury is mere space—and of what simple elements is true happiness compounded! "The freedom of a mountaineer"—what other liberty compares with it? The shackles of the world, the flesh and the devil seem to be riven asunder upon this peak of Greenland, wherever they may be forged anew for moiling humanity amid the corrosive mirk of towns that were built when forest-trees were levelled and the song-birds went away.

I came back to the ship, and there were the forty-five men detailed from the mine trundling their barrows, each with hundreds of pounds of kryolith, and dumping them into heaps like the

peaks of an iceberg through our hatches. While one man revelled in the freedom of the heights, the forty-five were earning their few crowns a day, for families two weeks away in Denmark. I was foot-loose to play about; I went scot-free: and why should this blissful immunity be mine? Forsooth, I was on a holiday: their turn would come. These hardy fellows off duty change in a twinkling to the gayest and merriest of play-boys, as they sit on filled kegs of black powder smoking their pipes and strewing the matches of Sweden about them. The least I can do is to pay them a distant, heart-felt tribute of admiration and liking, coupled with the regret I felt on leaving Ivigtut that I had so short a time to live their life with them, and hear their talk, and enjoy their frank, warm-hearted fellowship.

The night we came away was the roughest I have experienced at sea. It seemed as if some spiteful rock-dragon of Greenland did not want us to carry off five million pounds of his most precious tonnage. It was fair enough and placid as we moved down the fjord, taking the wider passage to the left of Arsuk Island, since now we drew eighteen feet of water instead of twelve. But it was the deceptive calm before the storm—an introduction played pianissimo to a symphony

that was all violent detonations and percussions. As we came out into Davis Strait at sundown, the berg that I had seen from the mountain-top, off the entrance to the Channel, seemed to have summoned a whole archipelago of his brethren. A count showed forty-three, to say nothing of the pans of field-ice here and there between.

And the wind blew. How it blew! All the whooping devils were released from a boreal Hades for it, and came flocking. They must have been encamped in those rope ladders to the mast-lamps, which on a tramp steamship are the apology for rigging. They howled round the funnel and its stays and broke one of the latter: they sought each porthole like a giant inquisition of mosquitoes: they raved at the tarpaulin of the life-boats and especially the hatches—"Let us in! Let us look! Let us pry loose!" they seemed to be crying. We sat low in the sea indeed, with our 2,500 tons of stone, in a vessel whose gross tonnage was less than 2,000. Then came the strenuous test of our seaworthiness. As the wind rose, the sea came with it, all the way. The dark descended, with those white bergs glimmering about us, like the ghosts of the Arctic ships of old, ready to be monuments for vessels that might be sent to the bottom in a night of 1925, like the twenty-six others of the kryolith

traffic that have been sunk already. What is one more, or less?

Ship-captains, even of Norway, have their preference in cargoes. Captain Wilhelmsen approved of the load we carried: kryolith, it seems, is well-behaved down below: it does not spill and thrash about and try to break the thin shell of steel, the seven-eighths of an inch between itself and the sea. A cargo that takes its place and keeps it is the desideratum of the shipmaster, and a cargo of this sort we had, or the ship would hardly have come through the night. There is an iron ore from the north of Norway which shipmasters dislike to handle, because it turns to the consistency of mud, and sloshes to and fro. Steel billets, lead or cobblestones make a mean shipful.

The boat was now rolling in a beam sea like one of the Eskimo ladies at the dance. I began to believe that the *Bauta* must be like the captain's daughter, of whom he had said that she could not sink. If you got tired of the profane conversation of the sea and the wind you could go down into the cook's galley, where it was always warm and cosy, and get the gossip of our floating village of twenty-four souls. Here it was always fine weather, except when a portion of Davis Strait descended through the skylight,

fractured by the ambition of a longshoreman to pile coal upon it. The galley was like a cross-roads for gossip: the benches in front of the range, whose lids had to be lifted now and then to get at beans or coffee, were listening-posts, as of a market-place, or a Paris boulevard where, in a chair under an awning, you can hear and see the world pass by. Now it was the coal-passer, coming to fetch a dish of beef stew to his mates in the fo'c'sle, and again it was a sailor (able-bodied, hence called " matros," or ordinary, called " let-matros ") looking for a raw onion; or it might be the tow-headed mess-boy in quest of coffee and gray bread. Whoever it was, he stopped for his bit of chaffer with the cook, out of a dripping, seething, storm-bound world, in the safe red glow of the galley range, wanting the cheerful talk quite as much as the food and drink. But how a Scandinavian crew can put away hot coffee! The rattle of the charred brown beans out of the bag was one of the characteristic lesser sounds of the ship's orchestra quite as surely as the Æolian harp of any taut wires fore and aft.

The cook, tearing at the salt cod with a vengeance, was telling about his trip back from Panama and the San Blas Indians on the old *Allianca.* He had, it seems, unwittingly slept on

deck beside a " tiger." We might call it a puma, or an ocelot, but to hear him tell it, it was a tiger —and that was his name for the beast, anyway. " It was hot—an' I come out on de deck to sleep. De tiger was tied to a ring-bolt of de hatch. I was sleepy. I like cats. Dis t'ing came an'—eek —eek—eek—he laid down across me. He was young: he wasn't very big: he was goin' to a zoo. When I woke up, I see he was t'in, an' he felt lumpy. I says: ' Dis ain't de kind o' cat I likes to have meet me—what kind o' cat is dis, anyway? ' So I calls out to a naygur an' says: ' What kind o' t'ing is dis? ' He say: ' Dat am a tiger.' Well, you know, just so soon I be afraid o' him he begin not to like me. I shove him off an' den he try to reach me—but I be out o' de way. Anyway, I slep' wid a tiger, an' when I tell it dey say you lie, no man ever did no such t'ing."

I couldn't get any of the mariners, as they came in dripping, with no oilskins, to admit that what was going on outside was anything more than a fresh breeze. Half a gale, I suggested: they thought it over, puckered their lips, furrowed their brows, and with a painful Scandinavian conscience felt they could not quite concede it. That word " gale," which we use on land as lightly as we say " blizzard," is a word so much

THE "FOREST"

revered by your dyed-in-the-wool sea-dog that he only trots it out on exceptional occasions. And several of our company had been at sea for forty years, which doesn't mean that they were old, but that they began in very tender boyhood: and they were now hard-bitten, sea-wise and weather-wise, not likely to be fooled.

"De best time I have in my life," said the first mate, Knud Olsen, "is on a ship when de wedder is fine. No fun when you get in a port an' de ship is crowded of people shoutin' dis way and dat. At sea, as long as you get plenty to eat an' plenty of tobacco . . ." The sentence finished itself not in words but with an expressive brandishing of palms to the starless North Atlantic skies above the dipping rails.

Whatever name belonged to the wind we got that night, nobody slept much: the captain was on the bridge till four in the morning, and after he retired the reading-lamp, wrenched from its moorings, fell on his ruddy face from above his bed and woke him again. I made a conservative estimate, which the captain tolerantly ratified, that the ship hour after hour rolled about thirty degrees—which means, of course, thirty above plus thirty below the horizon, or sixty in all. That, it seems, is nothing like an upset, but it is near enough. The poop, the deck-house, the

stern were islanded from one another: they might as well have been on separate ships. It looked as though you could fish for cod between the bridge and the poop—or you might launch a life-boat from the deck-house and visit the crew in the fo'c'sle. High over the prow rose and fell the combers, crested like the claws of Apollyon. The level of the deck was about three feet above the water, and the waves were five or six times as high as the rail. They poured and charged and sluiced away again through the ports in the gunwale, and sometimes the entire space over the hatches, between the poop and the deck-house, looked just like the open sea around us: throughout the night it was inundated, and for six days the deck was never dry. The ambition of that infuriated, inebriated sea-power seemed to be to break down the hatches and to fill the hold. Then you knew why those planks were so heavy, so securely under-strutted and so firmly wedged along the top of the frame. You also saw why, after the iron barrow tore a rent in the nearer tarpaulin where the coal was being shoveled from the deck, an A. B. sat squat-legged like a Bagdad tailor, with a big needle and a hank of thread like fish-cord to repair it. There was no look-out at the prow: he would have been drowned in the first three minutes on the job. The light at

the truck of the foremast was like the planet Jupiter on a spree—but it was the only light against the blackness, pointing toward home. When the fog closed down we did not whistle: there was nobody near.

It is usual to record, after such a night at sea, that the next day was calm and bright, with the water at peace again: but our morrow was nothing of the sort. For six days we had continuous villainous weather. What is a week of bad days in Davis Strait and the Gulf of St. Lawrence? Here is the nursery of sinister wind and wave. On the southern track, the passenger thinks himself ill-used, and wants his money back, if the firmament is ugly during his swift transit: but the Arctic, even the sub-Arctic, is different. You give thanks for a rift in the clouds, and yet you know that day after day, if errant and fickle Nature chooses, may be a miracle of bland and smiling skies.

The cook, next morning, admitted that it had been a poor night: he had been concerned for the fate of his little makeshift tin chimney that crept out beside our lordly red-starred funnel like tomato cans crookedly piled. But while he rattled the lids and squinted into the oven, he steered the conversation from his present worriments to his memories. The Cook's Tale, in this Canter-

bury Pilgrimage of the North Atlantic, was never-ending.

" One time dere was, I didn't wear shoes, from Antofagasta to Falmout'. De ship she was deep-loaded wid saltpeter. De cabin was way forward an' de galley was way aft. De captain he was kind of a crazy drunk. When he had de booze he was all right an' when he hadn't de booze he was makin' trouble all over de ship. He bought more liquor dan he bought stores. When she got into Antofagasta I was in Valparaiso. I met an Englishman an' he told me about dis ship. She had a very bad name. You know half de time she was short o' fresh meat an' had to go into South Sea Islands. You know dat fresh provision wouldn't last, it would rust away in warm weather. Dey got to Australia anyway, lookin' for meat for de men an' booze for de captain. De cook an' de chief mate left. Well, he didn't ship either cook or mate, he made de men cook for demselves. Dey got to Chili. Dere was nobody to cook but cabin boy an' he was only a kid. Well, de council, a wice-council he was, he wouldn't give de sailors no satisfaction, dey had to go back on board of de ship again. Well, we got to England to get paid aff—he got ten pounds fooled out o' one o' de men, dat he couldn't get. Well, I come aboard in Antofa-

gasta, for cook an' steward. Well, she was supposed to have a mess-boy. But de captain was trying to get me to go alone. I wouldn' do dat, so de captain he told a German fellow he just wanted him to come along for company. He was a mechanicker. He found out how nice it was to be company. De captain he made him scrub all right.

"We got two pigs an' t'ree small sheep, life stock. De sheeps was only lamb. One pig died before we got round de Horn wid him. But de captain he wouldn't wait till we got in cold climate he had to kill him in hot wedder so we had to eat him half rotten. In Chili we drifted in underneat' de shore: passenger boat passed us, tugboat come out, we give 'em a big steel hawser. When tugboat far enough out he let go. Our captain had rotten old rope an' didn't give turn enough round capstan. Wire was slammin' round deck. An Australia man fell, broke his leg, smashed him all up. Well, we was always four, five men short. If dey didn't get paid aff, dey had run away from him, all along. We had pumps we could use, iron hand pumps. But instead o' dat he make big draw-buckets for a man to pull—made 'em work like horses.

"We had a lot o' sand an' holy-stone an' he made 'em scrub paint-work wid dat instead o'

soap an' soda. He didn't want to buy dat. Tobacco, he only stored about half weight, because he didn't care: we got short o' dat in two, three months. When he run short o' liquor he turned mad an' wailed—he was bug-house. He was tryin' to make whiskey on board, but it didn't work. His partner didn't get nuttin' out o' de voyage, but he took it all. He stole everyt'ing he could out o' her an' sold it—made it out in bills. He had a provisions bill in Antofagasta, 22,000 pesos, in Chilanean money. We had to go into Pernambuco because de mate he had blood-vessels carried away inside o' him. When we was in Pernambuco we was layin' dere two days an' he had a bill 15,000 mill-rice. When we got to Falmouth, he had a bill 250 pounds, an' we had to wait fourteen days till we could get out of it: he was tryin' to rob de insurance. When we got here he said de rudder was cracked: de diver couldn't get near it for de barnacles: an-udder diver went down he said dere was nutting de matter.

"A policeman came on board an' put two pieces paper on de masts, an' none of us couldn't get no money. De Norwegian council he come on board an' took charge. De captain he was goin' to keep de crew on board an' get two-an'-six a day for each man grub-money. He was all for

makin' money on poor fools, an' robbin', an' booze. Worst crook I ever sail with. If it hadn't been for his wife, I guess he'd be murdered. Dey'd 'a' chucked him overboard. But you know if a man have his wife wid him dey got to have some respect. He had a good crew: half of 'em was Germans. He treated 'em like dogs. Dere's one t'ing—he was a smart man: he know how to handle a ship, if he had one. But we had very bad sails: if we had wind it would carry dem away from us.

"Anudder time, we lay eight days hove-to off Halifax wid a sea-anchor." He seemed to think that he had said enough of that episode without further description—it was like one of those very short chapters in the Sagas that are interspersed among the longer ones, with their wealth of sometimes prolix detail. "Anudder time," he went on, as he laid a big cracked tureen of bean soup like a baby in the outstretched arms of the mess-boy, "anudder time between Barnegat an' Philadelphia I was out wid a fellow wanted to run de ship ashore. It was in de time o' de war. When we was comin' across we had to rig winches an' bail her out wid barrels. I s'pose dat's why he wanted to get clear o' her.

"I says to de naygur, 'Tom, in de mornin' you'll see dis boat up in de potato field.' You

know, on de Yankee shore dere is banks. Bang! at one o'clock in de mornin' we hit de land. De captain he went on as far as he could, he couldn't get no farder. Says he to me: 'I saw a light, I t'ought it was a buoy, it was a fish'man.' I say to him: 'You're all right now, you're high an' dry.' De Merritt an' Chapman Company dey come wid a coupla tugs an' barges an' get us out o' dere. I lef' in New York. She went out an' got torpedoed."

At this juncture the speaker turned on the coal-passer, sitting in the lee of the range with his face as black as a minstrel, and his eyes fixed on the "kok." "Why don't you say somet'ing? I might step on your feet.—Yes, she was a great pack-et. Dat skipper he come on board to do away wid her. Dat's de only time I got ship-wracked."

On Sunday evening, September 6, at 8:30 we came within the reassuring radius of the big white beam of light that sweeps all the way round the circle at the eastern end of Belle Isle. Though he had been unable to take a reckoning in four days, Captain Wilhelmsen had brought us to the Strait only a mile south of where he intended to be—a feat which at the end of 600 miles seemed to the supercargo a very fine performance. From this time forward we began to drop down and

down as if from instellar ether into the world's voices as represented by the radio. With our half-kilowatt apparatus, at first we got nothing but the tireless iteration, the loud, buzzing ta-ta-ta-ta-a-a of the Morse code. But later, with the needle on the dial ranging between twenty and sixty, and the wave-length 600, we had a lordly provision, and the luxurious sense of rocking to and fro on a soap-box in the radio cabin and ordering up from almost anywhere what we wanted, or choking off with arrogance the most self-important campaign spell-binder in the middle of a sentence, if we desired. The most effective heckling, some political orators need to learn, is inaudible and invisible. They will never know how many thumbs are turned down to assassinate their marshalled arguments, and will still fondly imagine that they can fill the air with bunk and flapdoodle for the millions of two hemispheres with impunity.

Being in the world and not of it, as you are when struggling back from the latitude of Greenland, you get what in the vernacular is called a new "slant" on certain problems of the radio. And, famishing as you are for the amenities after being cut off from music and the other liberal arts, you are inclined to be a little severe, even resentful, toward some of the entertainers, who do not

seem to consider what radio means to miners in a winter night under the Pole star, or to lonely mariners tossing far out at sea.

Some radio announcers need admonishment. I bethink me of a man who was to sing—very beautifully and seriously—some of the songs of Tschaikowsky: and he was introduced by a notorious vaudeville artist who saw fit to "jazz up" the announcement of the songs with the crudest and silliest flippancies, an insult to thousands of miles of human intelligence from sea to sea, from shore to shore. Why do they do it? Why is it allowed? The air is not an international waste-basket and scrap-heap. It is our medium to stars and angels.

And why don't announcers get clearly in mind what they are going to say, before they come to the microphone? For when there are so many hearers with rubber discs clamped over their ears, or with eager anticipation grouped about a loud-speaker, what justifies the effrontery of some announcers in rushing to the apparatus and nonchalantly improvising what should have been thoughtfully considered? Why do some of them take it for granted that they can stand almost anywhere in the room and have their lightest accents heard by all the invisible guests, even though they may speak in a slovenly, inarticulate

fashion, not taking the pains to open their mouths and carve the words clearly, nor even to talk directly at the instrument? Sometimes, indeed, they all but turn their backs upon it, speaking half aside as though to those in the padded cell with them, or addressing the ceiling. The announcer, staled by custom, may not care in the least what he is doing, and he may not evince a proper consideration for his hearers, but to them it is a matter of great interest to know where the sounds come from, and what they are supposed to be—it may mean " the old folks at home," the living contact again beyond the barriers imposed by time and space, the thrilling reunion of a family circle, the restoration of a known and dear environment.

And now, having uttered these peevish atrabilious strictures, it is a great satisfaction to turn to the reverse of the picture, and, without risking any invidious distinction, to commend at random, from among so many who might be named, a few who deserve honorable mention and who every night are winning the praise and gratitude of many thousands, though these may never send a written word, in the press of affairs, to tell them so. Just for one or two casual examples —and surely I need not emphasize the fact that these citations are innocent of bias—the huge

amphitheatre of the seven seas must have been as glad as I was to hear on the evening of September 10, while off the middle of Nova Scotia, the admirable concert of the United States Marine Band at Washington, put on by the General Electric Company with the coöperation of Springfield and New York as well as the national capital. We had been sleeping under five blankets and more haberdashery on Arctic coasts —and now we learned from announcer E. W. Revere that it had been a warm day in Washington, and the crowd was out in the open enjoying the music too. It brought at once the sympathetic thrill of a human contact—the touch of nature that makes us kin in a world that includes the Hottentot as well as the Eskimo. The William Tell Overture never sounded better, at least in one supercargo's ears, and I wished that I might have a hand—two hands, rather—in the applause that required two encores from the facile cornetist, Mr. White. Aside from that excellent band—one of America's real national assets, living monument of John Philip Sousa its former conductor and founder—let me pin a few withered Arctic pansies of remembrance on the lapel of the announcer. Here was one who gave the names and relevant facts precisely as they should be given, with a mind and tongue evi-

dently bent exclusively on the business of telling our crowd—our great, silent host of miners, sailors, school-teachers, school-children, lonely bachelors, solitary spinsters,—just what we wanted to know, with a ring of real spontaneity, cordiality and convincing sincerity in the utterance. May this man's tribe increase!

And I wish I might bestow other boutonnières on such public benefactors as the General Electric Company of Schenectady, and the Westinghouse Company at their Hotel Brunswick Station in Boston, and their other broadcasting center at the Hotel Kimball, there. The clear-voiced announcer, in his astral presence, fairly came and stood in the little room with me, and the music of the Amphion Trio, played with conscience and art, was of the highest order, and came through delectably. Excellent music proceeded from the powerful station at South Dartmouth, Massachusetts. The superlative installation at the Hotel McAlpin was part of the rich provision from New York: and Cincinnati and Philadelphia had their large part in the entertainment on successive evenings as, with our leaky boiler, we crept and pounded down the coast.

What a narrow margin, what a hair-trigger adjustment, on that crowded dial, between such different offerings! It was amusing at one

moment to hear the piano tinkling through the market reports of apples at a dollar thirty-five a bushel, and sweet potatoes and wheat—Chopin on the brink of the Pit. The saxophone of a cabaret moaned into the midst of a sober dissertation explaining the aims and ideals of the National Electric Light Association. Those ghouls that like to shriek and wail when the needle is coming near the exact shading of the dial-mark desired seemed cheek by jowl with those waiting demons that we heard as we came away on that diabolic night from the Greenland coast.

Descending from the radio desk to the floor of the engine-room, we found the first engineer had had a very different night of it. While I had been listening to music, he had heard only perturbing dissonances. At ten in the evening we slowed down to five miles an hour, running on one boiler, that the other might cool off and permit the engineer to climb in and mend a leaky pipe. This untoward happening was at almost the place, offshore from Nova Scotia, where the steering-gear was disabled on the northward journey. Why does so much happen, besides cod-fishing, in the seas off Halifax, and around the bar sinister of Sable Island? Fortunately the sea was calm, and there was no fog. By four in the morning, the engineer was able to climb into

the boiler—and if you saw where he went, you would not want his job for his pay. As the captain observed, the boiler "is not a fine place to run into." It wasn't just a matter of putting a patch on a pipe, but a rod had to be substituted, and of three spare rods we carried none was long enough. A section had to be hand-sawed from one of them and added to another: a difficult and tedious operation. Then it took hours, of course, to warm up the cold boiler and win back our head of steam and our full speed again. But, calmly and all in the day's work, there had been another striking exhibit of the competence and resourcefulness of our ship's company, with no fuss and feathers, no lines to show for it in newspaper or trade journal. So it is, constantly, in all parts of the ocean, while you and I lie "pleasantly sleeping and unaware," and the engineer minds his sick machinery as a doctor at the bedside of a patient diagnoses and prescribes.

Porpoises diversified the morning with their gambols, and Steward Andersen, who got excited when anything like food appeared upon the seascape, offered another interrupted soliloquy.

"Too bad we ain't got a harp-yune. We used to harp-yune dem," he mused, repeating his lament of the northward sea-trail.

"We could make one," Captain Wilhelmsen

put in, with a roving eye, as if considering whether to that end he should sacrifice part of his iron bedstead or a pipe from his steam radiator.

"Dey howl like pigs when dey come up on deck," the steward continued. "Jus' like a human bee. You lie 'em in water an' vinegar an' fry 'em all night. Make nice bif-tecks. Den dere is de silver-fish." With a fond light of reminiscence agleam in his eye, he took a pillow-case in his teeth and shook a lumpy pillow into it. "We brought one in—420 kilos, 900 pounds—he change color seven times before he died. He is now in de Fish Gallery in Bergen.

"Den dere is de sharks, always de sharks, not to eat, but for fun. Dey is have two pilots go ahead of dem, like mackerel. De shark he go between. Put over a lump o' salt beef—or salt pork it is better—on a hook. De pilot he come up to it an' he smell round it—so—an' den he go back it looks like an' he tell de shark all about it what it iss an' de shark he come up an' look too an' he go away . . . but he always come back, an' he turn over, an' he bite, an' he is finish' den.

"If you pump up a whale, now, an' leave a buoy, de sharks an' de swordfish is all over 'em. In bay of Sulavaag, Olesund, I saw whale with swordfish hanging all over 'im. I am sure dere

was over 200. He try to get clear of dem by yoompin' up. In South Georgia dey can't leave a whale wid a buoy: but in de Nort' we can, most of de time. At Asknaes whale station, Mjofjord, Iceland, where I was dey take thirty barrels number one oil right out de head of a sperm whale."

When the sea came to its senses, the captain and the first mate turned out in full force and began to paint everything in sight, including me. Deck-house, fo'c'sle head and poop were redolent and resplendent. The mate chose black and the captain white, and the supercargo put his foot or laid a hand or smeared his clothes in paint wherever he blundered on a moonless night. I suggested to the mate that it would help if he painted the meat to look brand-new where it dangled outside the cook's galley, beside the trough through which the ashes were dumped from the stokehold into the sea. Or the four green apples that were left might receive a coating, to look as fresh as when they left their Philadelphia market.

The hammering seas had made of the main deck round the hatchways one great red-yellow stain of rust, and crude oil was laid on thick in place of it, but the oil, taken up by our shoe-soles, left its slimy trail through the dining-

saloon, the captain's cabin, the wheel-house, till the captain said he never wanted to see such stuff again,—he would use coal tar hereafter.

Meanwhile the question asked itself somewhat imperatively: why is there neither light-ship nor buoy between the western end of Nova Scotia and the Nantucket Light-ship? We throbbed past George's Shoal with our enfeebled, leaky boiler, where the cross-currents play like Kipling's flying-fishes, and we were five miles to the south of it, but if there had been fog in that hour we might not have been so fortunate. And we were drawing eighteen feet, while the shoal lies only twelve feet deep. Then the fog did come on, and beneath its woolly blanket the whistle beginning at 2:45 in the morning offered its repeated hoarse remonstrance, the breeze soughing past our anchor-flukes as through pine-trees, the water slapping, fluttering and pattering like all the woodland leaves there are, when the wind is stirring in them. As for our busy whistle—we could lift a voice as strident and as raucous, when we sincerely put our boiler-power into it, as many a vessel twice our length.

When morning struggled through the fog, with the sun like one lonesome crouton in pea soup, I met the first engineer, frazzle-haired, wild-eyed like John Barrymore in the last act of

a tragedy. He said that at 2 A. M., three-quarters of an hour before the onset of the fog, the donkey-engine man, whom he appropriately called the donkey-man, had come to his cabin and for no good reason at all had threatened to kill him.

"An' I always be so kind at dat man: I never do nutting, I always be so nice." The engineer was all but weeping. "He is no good. He say if he could not get me on the boat he goin' for to kill me on de shore. Maybe both, per-haps." Wiping the sweat out of his eyes with cotton waste, he tottered to the captain, who was peacefully stencilling the ship's name on the life-boats and the life-preservers. I had often thought of the chances of putting to sea pajama-clad in one of those boats with its box of pilot-crackers and keg of water: the prospect did not appeal. But if one must be wrecked it does look better to have the ship one came from labelled on the prow in case somebody over the rail of the lordly liner wants to take a snapshot of the rescue.

Then I found myself on this day of mysteries standing in a fog-bow—my shadow below the middle of the vertical major axis. The fog-bow was all but colorless: it suggested the spectre of the Brocken famed in Alpine song and story.

I was brought back to the world of realistic detail by the captain's recipe for preparing dried

(but not salted) cod. "You mus' soak de cod in fresh water, wit' a little soda, t'ree days, to make it soft an' white, den you kick it wid de hammer. We have it for Christmas eve in Norway. Not everybody know how to cook it now," he mused regretfully, as with his brush he gave to the box where the carrots sprouted the glistening whiteness of a sea-gull's throat.

At four in the afternoon, nearing the Nantucket Lightship in a fog like sifted ashes, very wet, a little fishing steamer that we never saw blew her whistle in a panic and then dinned a bell like an exasperated landlady whose guests simply will not come to dinner. (A sailing-vessel uses a horn: and another tragedy is written when the horn is not heard, and the crack of doom rushes down upon the ship in the form of an overtowering ocean greyhound at full speed.)

The cook put his head out of his cubicle of assorted aromas to pass the time of day and tell me that I came to sea too late. "Dere was more sailoration in de old days: all was ropes: dere was no hangin' back to it." A fitting prelude to the captain's description of how, in the old days of sailing-vessels, the crew—and mere boys, some of them were—swarmed aloft, spread out along the yards, clung to the sails with their bare hands, and teeth if they must, their feet on or off the

ropes below the yards,—yet somehow they furled the sails. "Did they never fall into the sea?" "Sometimes," he admitted gravely. "But it was not often." He added that, just as there were few women who could cook dried cod, you found not many men who could reef sail nowadays.

He showed me what he would have done if the donkey-man had attempted to carry out his threat of killing the engineer. From a drawer he took a rubber black-jack on a wrist-thong, a metal night-stick such as he had used in the White Guard of Norway as a deputy in strike-time, and a Browning six-shooter. The collapsible night-stick could be a hidden fistful in your pocket, and you could jerk it forth suddenly and snap out its three sections to their full length, with a steel bullet on the tip, that would crack a man's skull when it had the driving force of the blow behind it. The chief mate had two pairs of irons in a cabin drawer: nothing was simpler than to put a culprit, drunk or mad, away where he could do no harm, in a coal-bunker, perhaps, or in a closet of the fo'c'sle head, where he might yammer and pummel till a reckoning came with the police when port was reached at last.

A second pipe broke in the boiler, and a few more hairs were whitened on the head of the still unmurdered engineer. Again we must slow

down, cool off, let the distraught and harried man climb in to localize the leak and adjust his inadequate tube-stoppers with the hammer and the file.

Only in the last few hours did I discover that the ship's full outfit of fireworks, flares and bombs was stored beneath my bunk. Life, like that fascinating cache of gunpowder, is full of neglected possibilities, missed opportunities. How the Eskimo children would have enjoyed an exhibition!

"We never need dem yet," said the steward, "but we could use dem de seventeenth of May, de day we got free of Denmark. Like your fourt' of July. De captain of it he stays on a big stone in de school history speakin' to de people."

Blessings on Atlantic City for its municipal radio station, that overcame the buzz of atmospheric interference and made our progress musical all the rest of the way to the Five Fathom Lightship and Cape Henlopen. Pilot A. W. Conwell, with the boon of two newspapers, came aboard at midnight from the little vessel burning white and red and green lights like a dancing Christmas tree: and I rose betimes as we came up the placid river to hear him tell of what it was like thirty-eight years ago when he began —when a veteran Delaware pilot still in harness,

Frank Maull, went out to sea with the scuppers running red with blood, from the beatings administered by the mate to the crew. He told how Pilot L. W. Fowler was carried to Rouen, sixty days, on an Italian ship, whereon none spoke a word of English. She weathered three gales: one of them filled the cabin with water, and the pilot for twenty-four hours sat on a cabin table.

The kryolith barks, he said, sometimes needed forty-five days to come from Greenland, and one of them—the *Silicon*—had taken on her pilot at Five Fathom Lightship and was within sight of Cape Henlopen, at the river's wide mouth, when things began to happen. There rose a mighty wind and the mainmast crashed over the side: presumably its strength was sapped and drained in battles with the Arctic gales of Davis Strait. The pilot fell down a companionway and broke three ribs. He was carried all the way to Bermuda before the prevailing northwest wind that swept the bark along with the puny remainder of her rigging, in precisely the opposite direction from that in which she wanted to be driven. After the ship with her disgusted crew had been towed all the way back to the Delaware again, she was pronounced irredeemable, and turned into a coal-barge.

Dapper Quarantine and chipper Customs boarded us before we docked, and blithely put as their first question: "Well, what kind of a trip did you have?" and soliloquized that they too would like to leave the river-bank a while to its own dredges and devices while they made the anabasis to Greenland. The ship could not tell them all she knew, where she had been, what she had seen. Nosed by the fussy tug, she crept up slowly and demurely to Pier 92, with her spent and shattered boiler leaking still, her steering gear confessing to that improvisation of the pin-bolt in the bearings. But she was very brave with paint, and the Norwegian flag, and even the coal-passer from Bremerhaven had washed and shaved, and was agog to seek out his lodging for the night at the Seamen's Church Institute.

As willing hands caught the first hurtling rope we threw to the pierhead, William Johnson sat at peace before his hut, the small black cat beside him. We were home again.

I looked at the captain, who in a voice like a 'cello, deliberate and resonant, was saying in Norwegian what the second mate should do with the hawser that was slapping and dripping between the pierhead and the stream. And as I looked at the strong, bronzed face of the man who brought in the ship, faithfully and safely, to

this calm anchorage, I thought of the lines of sturdy Chapman the Elizabethan:

"Give me a man who on this life's rough sea
Loves to have his sails filled with a lusty wind,
Even till his sailyards tremble, his masts crack
And his rapt ship runs on her side so low
That her masts drink water and her keel plows air.
There is no danger to a man who knows
What life and death is."

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